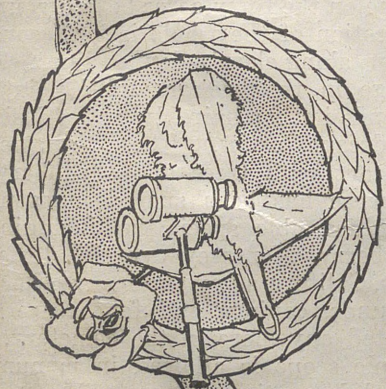
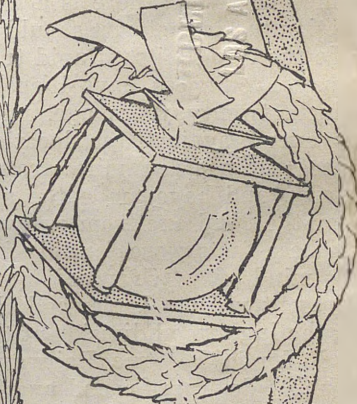
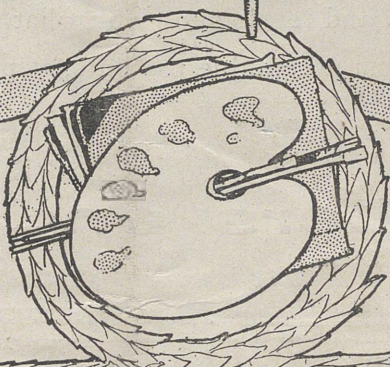
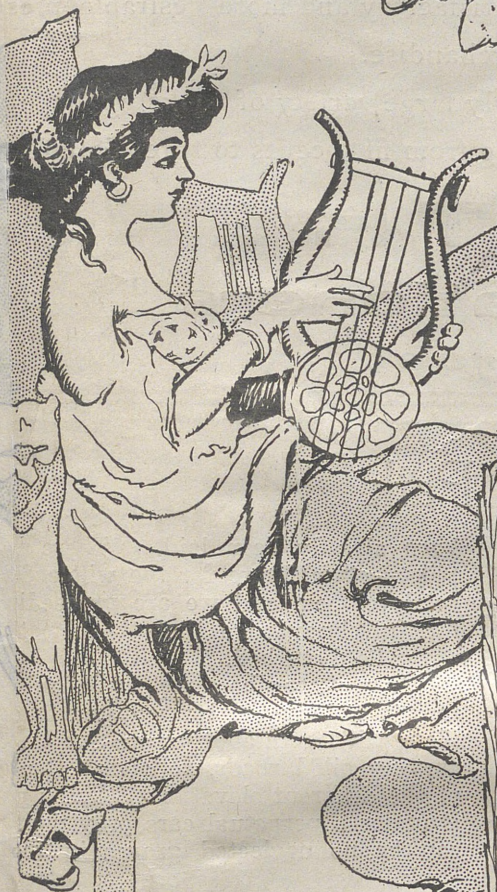


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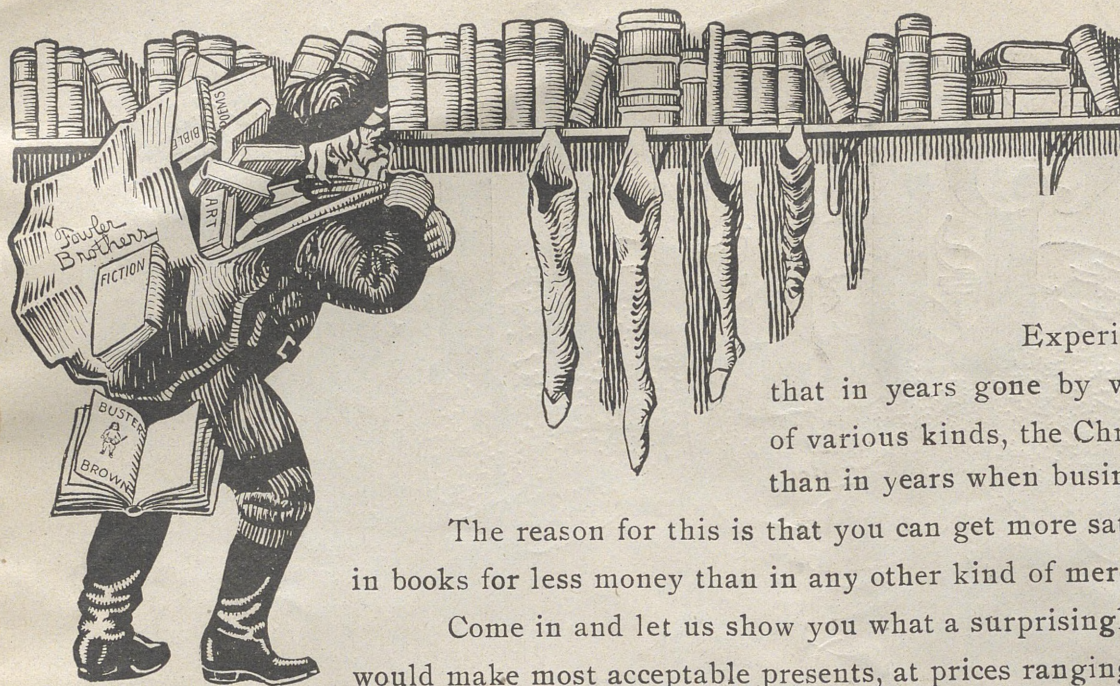
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New Cemetery at Inglewood Park

The rapid and extraordinary growth of Los Angeles has brought about peculiar conditions which have become the concern of all residents of the city.

As one result, there is a well-defined conviction that cemeteries should be located outside the city limits. Rapid transit and modern conveniences have dispelled objections which, twenty years ago, might have been advanced against the location of Burial Places even a few miles from the center of a city, and have made the suburban cemetery the ideal one from every point of view.

These facts were forcibly impressed upon the mind of a "Graphic" representative by a recent visit to Inglewood Park Cemetery, on the Inglewood division of the Los Angeles & Redondo Electric Railway, a brief half hour's ride from Second and Spring Streets.

About two years ago the Inglewood Park Cemetery Association, after careful investigation of every available site around Los Angeles, purchased three hundred acres a short distance this side of Inglewood, immediately adjoining the electric road. The location, topography and all other essentials, including an ample and inexhaustible supply of water for irrigation purposes, were ideal. The location is high and sightly, including several gentle eminences, and commanding a superb view of the surrounding country, including the entire Santa Monica and Sierra Madre ranges. Engineers and landscape experts were enthusiastic over the possibilities.

There is ample capital behind the Inglewood Park Cemetery Association, and everything that brains and money could enlist in the work of improvement has been tirelessly active. During the past year more than \$100,000 has been expended. Forty acres have been improved on a general, harmonious

plan, which will ultimately include the entire site of three hundred acres.

Alighting from the electric car, the visitor passes through the great, handsome bronze gates, which are flanked by walls of California white granite, four hundred feet in length, the whole forming what is pronounced to be the most attractive cemetery entrance on the Pacific slope.

At the left of the entrance is a handsome stone cottage, the residence and office of the superintendent. From this point there is a gradual rise forming a gentle eminence, crowned by Grace chapel, a magnificent structure of granite, concrete and steel, to which the finishing touches are now being made. The chapel will seat 250 people, and the furnishings will be installed in a few days. They will be in full keeping with the simple elegance of the structure itself.

Below is a perfectly ventilated receiving vault, with over sixty receptacles providing temporary resting place before interment. Caskets may be lowered from the chapel directly into the receiving vault.

In the rear, and under the same roof, will be the crematory. In the tower of the chapel is the columbarium, the repository for urns containing the ashes of the dead.

Sloping away from the chapel eminence is a landscape of living green, the whole forming a most beautiful picture. I asked the superintendent, Captain L. G. Loomis, something about the facilities and the plans for the future.

"Our plans are being carried out along well-defined lines," said Capt. Loomis. "As you can see, a better location could not be wished for. The water supply is inexhaustible. We have our own pumping plant and reservoir, and more than seven miles of pipe

have already been laid. There will be plenty of moisture for the whole 300 acres as developed, and we are proceeding with the full knowledge that the cemetery can never be disturbed.

"As you see, the cemetery is laid out and maintained on the lawn system and park plan, with trees and flowers and lawns, and curving oiled roads, following the contour of the different elevations. Every plot sold is under a perpetual care provision. There can be no neglected graves in Inglewood Park.

"While most of the work has thus far been done on the forty acres before you, the beautification of the whole is kept constantly in view, along clearly defined lines. The gentle ridge in the background," pointing to it, "lends itself admirably to the designs of the landscape artist. These hillsides will be set out with trees and shrubbery, and no expense has been spared in securing rare and desirable specimens, including holly, barberry, Monterey cypress, flowering acacias, California bay and many other varieties. Mounds, copings and fences are not permitted anywhere in the cemetery, although ample scope is allowed in monuments and floral decorations."

A large number of interments have been made.

The transportation facilities are excellent. A spur track has been built directly in front of the cemetery entrance. The Los Angeles & Redondo Railroad Company maintains a funeral car accommodating sixty persons. However, in a few weeks the Cemetery Association will have its own elegantly appointed funeral car, which has been ordered in the East, to cost \$12,000. For carriages and

Continued on Page 4

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Graphic

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Matters of Moment

Religion in the Schools.

No doubt the principal of the Whittier Union High School, Mr. G. Walter Monroe, is actuated by worthy motives in permitting the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association to use the school buildings for their meetings; he unquestionably thinks that he is performing his duty as a man and a Christian.

Nevertheless it would seem that he needs a course of instruction in the *raison d'être* of the public school system. The builders of the commonwealth wisely, it seems to us, dedicated all public buildings solely to secular use. The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, both worthy institutions, should be placed on precisely the same footing as the churches; in other words, their ultimate purpose being religious, they should provide their own places of meeting, their own facilities for the extension of their work, and should stand or fall unassisted by State, county and municipal or school authorities.

If the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations are allowed to use the school buildings, erected by general taxation, so too, should the Young Men's Institute, the B'nai B'rith and other organizations founded for social or fraternal purposes, with the religious feature as a part of their organic law.

We are well aware that many excellent people believe that we should have God in the Constitution, God in the schools, and God on the coinage. But immediately there arises the question, "Whose God?" shall it be, the God of Israel, the God of the Mormons, or of the Chinese? Shall it be the God of one of the six sections of Adventists; of one of the thirteen kinds of Baptists; one of the three bodies of Brethren; of the eight bodies of Catholics; the Christadelphians or Dowieites; or the particular God of some one of the 147 religious bodies in the United States?

This question is material. If we all believed in one interpretation of one creed; if we were all of one religion and recognized

one church authority, then there would be some reason in permitting secular buildings to be used by this one acknowledged religious body.

But wherein is the justice and right in allowing public buildings erected with the money of Jewish, Catholic, Mormon, Chinese, Japanese and other taxpayers who do not believe in the religious work of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., to be devoted to the religious services of these bodies? Better, far better for the associations named to get their own meeting rooms. If the members are not sufficiently zealous to provide all facilities for their work, they are not very much in earnest anyhow, and will never accomplish very much in their chosen field of endeavor.

Are the Records Destroyed?

Now that the "Express"—owned by Mr. E. T. Earl—grows fiercer in its denunciation of those individuals and corporations which have profited by the receipt of illegal rebates, special freight rates and other concessions from the railroad companies, two questions become vital to all who believe in the Square Deal. These questions are:

1. Were the records showing the relations of the Southern Pacific Company, the Earl Fruit Company and California Fruit Express ("C. F. X.") destroyed in the San Francisco fire?

2. If not destroyed, will the Southern Pacific Company ever deem circumstances favorable for a thorough examination and publication of these records?

Whether these documents were destroyed in the conflagration which gutted the Merchant's Exchange building and scarcely left a remnant of the old railroad building, at Fourth and Townsend streets, we are unable to say. The chances are that the records were in the Fourth and Townsend street structure, which no doubt, is one of the reasons for the ferocious attack of the purist "Express" on the Southern Pacific. Doubtless the chief owner of the "Express" believes that the Southern Pacific Company cannot now, in slang parlance, "produce the

goods."

It is indeed regrettable that the archives of the Santa Fe Route are kept in Chicago. If the State Railroad Commission—poor, decrepit, and law-punctured body that it is—ever undertook to ascertain the relations between the Santa Fe on one hand and the Earl Fruit Company and the "C. F. X." on the other, no doubt the Railroad Commissioners would be unable to reach the records desired. The jurisdiction of the State Railroad Commission does not extend so far as Chicago.

With these premises favoring safety, the "Express" can boldly continue its campaign against the railroads. Scattered through Southern California are men who know the inside of these old-time deals; and perhaps if Mr. Earl becomes unduly anxious to go to the United States Senate, or if the "Express" gets to foaming at mouth, the particulars of these transactions may come to the surface.

Direct Legislation.

It is significant that Santa Barbara is the latest city to adopt the initiative, the referendum and the recall. These aids to good municipal government are making satisfactory progress in spite of all opposition. Politicians, public service corporations and one newspaper, the Los Angeles "Times," are the chief opponents, in California, to the adoption of these safeguards of the people's interests.

Dr. John R. Haynes may well be said to be the chief champion of these principles in California, and he has reason to be satisfied with the progress of his propaganda. Just now, he happens to be in high disfavor with the three elements which are opposing the spread of these doctrines; and it is certain that he will be visited from time to time with the evidences of the dis-esteem of the "Times," the politicians and the public service corporations. It is scarcely believable that the mud-ammunition wagon of the "Times" is empty and the other elements never let up.

But, considering the progress that has

been made all over California, the direct legislation leader has every reason to be proud of his campaign which has extended over a period of years.

Pomona County.

Echoes of the vigorous campaign in progress in the eastern part of Los Angeles county and the western part of San Bernardino county to create the new county of Pomona, have reached into this section of Los Angeles county, but on account of the attitude of the Los Angeles "Times" many people hereabouts think that the movement is dead. The "Graphic" manages to keep fairly well informed as to what is really "doing" in Pomona; and that the new county will be formed appears to be a foregone conclusion. The "Times" has treated the matter with its customary air of supercilious superiority; it has attempted to spank the county divisionists with its bludgeon.

Why any Los Angeles man or newspaper should oppose this proposition is a puzzle. When the time comes to create the new city and county of Los Angeles, no man here wants any of the territory east of the San Gabriel river. The people in the district from which it is proposed to make the new county, will have no particular use for Owens River water. The new county of Pomona will be a compact, rich and self-sustaining district of 500 square miles; with a tax rate of \$0.645, a road tax, outside of the cities, of \$0.50 and a State tax of \$0.445, making a total of \$1.59. The rate is lower than in Los Angeles county (\$1.70), Orange county (\$1.85) and San Bernardino county (\$1.96.)

For nearly twenty years ranchers of Cucamonga and Ontario, of Covina, Glendora and Chino have been working with the business men and ranchers of the Pomona valley to make a new county out of the territory within this watershed. While the provisions of the present bill were from the beginning known to be exacting, the fight has been waged too long to be diverted. The interests of the whole section are involved and all are confident that they will be determined by the sober judgment of all and not by the prejudices of the few.

Making Merchandise of Justice.

The ghouls of the San Francisco press were no more satisfied with the acquittal of Tirey L. Ford than were the bloodhounds of the prosecution, and neither made any effort to conceal their chagrin. If any proof had been needed that vengeance and not justice was the inspiration of the leaders of the prosecution, their refusal to accept the verdict of Ford's innocence as final should supply it. Heney has not yet foregone his savage cry, "We will get Ford yet;" Rudolph Spreckels' comment on the verdict was, "He will be tried again," while Detective Burns echoed his patrons' protest. And the organs of the prosecution joined in yelping chorus.

If Tirey L. Ford did not bribe ex-Supervisor Phillips—of which charge the jury's verdict completely absolved him—it is certain that he did not bribe any of the other supervisors. But the agents of the prosecution prepared as many indictments against Ford as there were boodling supervisors, and if they have their wanton way, he is to be subjected to the strain and anguish of innumerable trials. Such a course is proposed in the sacred name of justice, but it is very

doubtful if the temper of the people of San Francisco will endorse tactics that savor so strongly of persecution. Moreover, neither Spreckels, Heney nor Langdon cares to ignore the public pulse. Each of them is nourishing political ambitions; Spreckels would like a career in Washington, and the distinction of a place in the Cabinet; Heney is confident that he would adorn the United States Senate, and Langdon has not relinquished his vain desire to be Governor of California; while William J. Burns is to be made San Francisco's Chief of Police just as soon as the time is considered ripe.

The moment the law or its administration assumes a treacherous aspect, that moment it forfeits respect and confidence. The United Railroads, obviously enough, was singled out as the one target on which the aim of the Spreckels prosecution was to be concentrated. Its general counsel, Tirey L. Ford, was selected by the leaders of the prosecution to be first brought to trial, in the face of the earnest and proper request of Patrick Calhoun that he be tried first. The prosecution insisted on precedence being given to Ford, because its agents believed they had the strongest case against him, and also because unless they could prove that Ford was guilty of bribery, it was obvious that they could never secure Calhoun's conviction. When at the first trial the jury, by vote of 8 to 4, found the evidence totally insufficient, the spicers of the prosecution insinuated, as they had done in the first Glass case, that the jury had been corrupted, for which damnable charge they failed to produce a scintilla of evidence. At Ford's unequivocal acquittal last week they gasped in distress, but Langdon, junketing in New York, and Heney, at home, feign the excuse that the jury was "sore" at the prosecution on account of its prolonged confinement. They persistently closed their eyes at the (to them) unpleasant fact, apparent enough to any unprejudiced person who had studied the evidence, that the prosecution had utterly failed to make out its case.

The prosecution's other excuse for its failure to fulfill its savagely reiterated pledge to "get Ford," is that it was unable to put Abe Ruef on the witness stand. Mr. Heney has given two reasons for that inability: first, "We could not trust him;" second, because Ruef demanded complete immunity, which the prosecution could not grant. Heney's first excuse is open to the question, "They could not trust" Ruef to do what? To supply the evidence which they demanded, without which their case must fall to the ground? On the other hand, Ruef possibly might tell the whole truth, which would completely exonerate Ford.

Was there ever a more shameful situation than that which involves the terms of alliance over which Ruef and the prosecution have been engaged for so many months in despicable barter? Ruef will not "come through" to the prosecution's satisfaction unless he has in his pocket a contract for complete immunity. Doubtless Rudolph Spreckels, who, according to Gallagher's testimony, offered Ruef immunity as long ago as last April, would gladly enough fulfill his pledge if by such means only he can hope to score against Calhoun. But Judge Dunne, who at the prosecution's desire has withheld sentence over Ruef for six months dare not face the wrath and indignation of the people, cannot insult all sense of justice by permitting San Francisco's high priest of corrup-

tion to go scot free on such a disreputable bargain.

Testimony under contract at best can only create a doubtful impression upon a jury and it is a process which eventually must disgust all fair-minded people. Those who care to study thoroughly the extraordinary conditions that have prevailed in San Francisco since the inauguration of Spreckels' campaign against Calhoun must inevitably come to the conclusion that the course of the prosecution is inspired by vengeance and not by justice, and they can now see that when that vengeance is frustrated the prosecution at once is found discounting and even defying justice. Whenever they cannot make merchandise of justice they are opposed to its course.

New Zealand Liquor Traffic.

Rev. William Thomson, of Dunedin, New Zealand, has been making a special investigation of the liquor trade in the United States and Europe, as a commissioner from the New Zealand government of the Islands and in under particular instructions not to accept anything but official statistics in dealing with the liquor trade. He has lately been in Kansas City, comparing the situation in Kansas City, Mo., with that in Kansas City, Kan. He has been in Maine and in other "dry" sections of the United States. His opinions, given in an interview in Kansas City are:

"After months of investigation in Europe and the United States, I am astounded to find more drunkenness where prohibition prevails than where it does not. I find that crime does not diminish with the lid on. On the contrary it increases, apparently through the innate stubbornness of human nature. There has never been a time in a civilized country when intoxicants could not be obtained. People have risen voluntarily and denied themselves strong beverages, although they were to be had at their very door, but this was not prohibition, but self-denial. I cannot say that I like the prohibition idea. I rather like the self denial idea, and, therefore, local option. I found Maine very wet, with many alleys in the larger cities concealing 'speak eases,' or 'joints.' I have seen business men of social rank drinking at the plain pine bars in these hidden saloons, with the greatest apparent enjoyment. Some of the men drinking there, I was told, had helped make the laws they were thus covertly breaking. To me it was a strong argument against prohibition. There are no saloons in New Zealand, so the use of strong drinks has not been so generally condemned as in this country. However, every hostelry is provided with a bar after the manner of 'Old England.'

New Cemetery at Inglewood Park

Continued from Page 2

automobiles, the route is to Slauson avenue; thence west to the cemetery.

The officers of the Inglewood Park Cemetery Association are: Mark G. Jones, president and treasurer; Charles B. Hopper, vice-president; F. K. Eckley, secretary; V. J. Rowan, engineer, and Captain L. G. Loomis, superintendent. The offices of the association are now in the new Security Building, rooms 306-307.

The public is cordially invited to visit this beautiful park, which meets in the most approved manner all requirements for city burial places and which can never be disturbed.

The Utile in Education

BY A. B. C. (SEVENTH PAPER)

Music Really Useful.

"We can't get too much music into this busy world."—Hancock Banning, Prince of Catalina.

That opinion is backed up by other men of money hereaway; and I am told that one "frenzied financier" of New York supports an orchestra and a colored male quartet, just to rest him when he isn't frenzying. So there's the weight of dollars behind this proposition from the start, speaking of which reminds me of a jingle:

"Patti cake, Patti cake,
Musical man!
Ten dollars a ticket—
Take two if you can.
Five for the carriage
And ten for bouquets—
Your salary's gone
For the next thirty days."

Do you know of anything more universal than music? With every rising of the sun all nature bursts into song. Whether close to nature or "civilized" away from her, all human creatures carry music of some kind with them into their homes, into their gatherings, even into their work. It heralds our births; it gladdens our weddings; it buries our beloved dead.

To her baby, mother sings,
And the song, on tender wings,
Lifts the tiny soul to light;

Baby grows to lad or lass;
Life is full, for youth will pass—
Still they listen to the song.

Hark! the peal of wedding bells,
Joy for man and maid foretells.
In their home the same sweet strain,

And when, life-work fully done,
Dear friends leave us, one by one,
Comes, to comfort, "Love's Old Song!"

"Let me make the songs of a nation, and
I care not who makes its laws." Music is
useful.

Why It Is Taught.

Aims of music teaching in Polytechnic High School.

1. Cultural Standpoint. (a) To foster a love for the beautiful. (b) To develop the appreciative powers. (c) To raise the standard of music among young people. (d) To create a demand for the best, educating the taste. (e) To cultivate the art of intelligent



Photo by De Haaff

Mandolin Club and Boys' Glee Club

listening. (f) To teach the power of discriminating between real music and the cheap imitations so common in our country. (g) To become familiar with lives and works of the master musicians, thereby gaining a deeper, broader outlook upon life, developing universality and intellectual freedom, eliminating narrow views, pettiness, selfishness. (h) To arouse patriotism. (i) To aid in moral development.

2 Utility Standpoint. (a) To develop powers of expression, through voice or instrument. (b) To develop power to work with others harmoniously. (c) To encourage the giving of one's good to others. (d) To develop powers of concentration and self-control. (e) To weigh, balance and judge. (d) To use with other lines of work.

The above is given just as the supervisor of music wrote it. I wish I had space to prove to you, point by point, from what I have seen in the school that the department is doing exactly what it undertakes to do as therein set forth; but I must be content with general comments.

Their Daily Musical Life.

Problem—Given 1000 voices, to test each one, and then locate it to best advantage in class, chorus or club. That's the downright hard work, that has to be done, and is done in order to obtain best results. I found this work all finished and everything working harmoniously, effectively.

One fancies class work in music would be humdrum. It is not. I was surprised at the



Mrs. G. B. Parsons, Supervisor of Music

interest taken. Possibly some of these, like myself, are glad to find that there is a great deal of music in them, the same being proved because they have never been able to get any of it out. At any rate, they are content, and maybe this is where the **good listeners** are made—a most admirable effect, since we all listen to music whether we make it or no.

There's a girl's glee club and a boys' glee club. I've heard them both, and shall hear them wherever I possibly can. An enthusiastic lady visitor in the "Aud" the other eve turned to me with an expression of surprise and delight on her face. "Why, they really can sing, can't they?" said she. And I replied, meekly, "Yes'm, if I may judge from the way they make me feel." I take it that's the real test for most of us.

There's a chorus, too, of over three hundred voices. They drill it in the Auditorium. Sitting there, watching and listening, I gained a respect for this line of work which I had not before. The harmony of it is little short of wonderful, and lies in the movement, action and control, as well as in the theme. Each part was carried by many voices, yet it seemed to me at all times that I was listening to a quartet. I noted, also, with pleasure, how prompt they were to respond to the leader, although it was a leader exacting even to detail.

The pictures of the orchestra and of the mandolin club give a fairly good idea of this interesting feature of the work. Possibly critics would rate both these organizations as amateurish to a degree, but I enjoyed listening to them, and I don't like bad



Photo by De Haaff

The Orchestra Ready for Work

music. Moreover, I could see that they were very helpful not only to the members but to all the students. There is an exhibition of "good listeners" when these players take the stage.

In this connection a word about Byron Stanley, leader of the orchestra, and Miss Mamie Adamson, leader of the mandolin club. Much of the unusual excellence in this line is due to them, of course, but that is not what interests me. A finer young man, more apt in action, or a daintier young woman, more admirably self-poised, I have not seen in schools or universities. It is but

fair, then, to present them as samples of the music product, as illustrations in the life of what the supervisor wrote for us as the intent of it all. I doubt not that this department would willingly be judged on the merits of these two. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The Mistress of the Music.

"And still the wonder grew,"

That one small woman all of this could do

Mrs. Gertrude B. Parsons, supervisor of music in the High Schools of Los Angeles, is distinctly typical of the woman who works

these wonders. I have known several of them, and they all stand as the finished products of their own system, good to look upon, and better in influence. One word is often used to describe them—*intense*; but I always think of another—*thoroughbred*.

Really these women are in themselves the very finest of musical instruments. They are perfected, polished, keyed just right.

Please go back now and read again what Mrs. Parsons wrote. Have you finished? Then I tell you that is a picture of her and her co-workers, and such are they making our sons and our daughters. It is well.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

The Degradation of Modern Reading

By R. S. GERARD

Mr. Emerson once said that when he heard a sermon from some pulpit he always wished he might preach one for the sake of expounding his theories of compensation. My desire has been to talk of the books so many read when they could have others—to point out the infinite harm done by the so-called "popular novel."

Today, at least in America, there is a mad desire for excitement and thrills; for books with "action" which mostly consists of the beautiful heroine dashing out of her riding costume to don a dinner gown—never stopping, by the way, to comb her hair for it is always most attractive when in slight disarray and held to her queenly head by two pins only. This is the sum and substance of many modern novels, and the old book reader needs no more than the aforesaid description to see the book in its entirety. And while this is bad, it is not the worst.

Have you ever, perchance, read a book called "The Garden of Allah," one of the most popular, the most enthused-over books of the last three years? This book, to my personal knowledge, has been responsible for more self-deceit than one would suppose possible. For I assure you that with not one, but with very many people, have I had the same conversation; as follows:

My friend: "Oh, have you read 'The Garden of Allah'?"

Myself: "Enough to be more or less familiar with it," for I have not given it a thorough reading.

My friend: "Isn't it fine? My dear, if you haven't read it all, you certainly should finish it!"

"Why?" I ask, wondering if the same old reply is forth-coming. And as surely as I wonder, it greets my ears.

"Because it has such beautiful descriptions of the desert."

I used to be taken in by that remark, but since inquiring of all these enthusiasts if they have ever read "Van Dyke" on the Desert, or if they are fond of "Lummis," and always receiving a decided negative in both cases, (unless the two authors are quite unheard of) I am growing skeptical. No, you who read "The Garden of Allah" just as surely read it for the immoral, degrading sentimentality in it, as you add self-deceit to that.

And yet is it self-deceit? Is not that deceit prompted by one's own knowledge of the indecency of such a book and by the small remnant of self respect which modern literature has left us? I would like to think

that; but when I know people who have read "The Fighting Chance" to eagerly await "The Younger Set" I begin to disbelieve the "remnant" theory. I wish to state here that any criticism of "The Younger Set" is only implied, for after reading "The Fighting Chance" I was through with an author whose earlier works used to be a source of real pleasure to me. My sole knowledge of the last book is in the fact that those who have read it tell me "It's very much like 'The Fighting Chance' only more thrilling"!

I am tempted to misapply a line from Whittier—"Who touches pitch defiled must be." Can the young girl who reads May Sinclair's "Helpmate" be as pure minded a woman as she was before? I am not arguing ignorance for anybody, for that is not innocence, but I am praying that certain phases of life be less constantly thrust upon the minds of those who should not dwell upon them. Nor do I think the age or condition of a person makes any difference with such material. I believe "The Helpmate" claims to have a moral. The book that induces impure thoughts, that familiarizes us with evil, or with any certain animal phases of life to such an extent that we are not quite so shocked at the next improper book we read, is so degrading that no normal person should read it.

If every one would stop, in this whirlpool rush of life, to consider how hardened a race we have become, how little innate modesty or refinement is left us, what cheap ideas of virtue we gain from the silly novels published constantly, or what low ideas of "broad mindedness" we derive from such books as Elinor Glyn's latest, or the aboved mentioned works,—I wonder if there would not be a sudden revulsion of feeling that might do good?

The almost invariable excuse presented by the readers of such fiction is that the great problems of life are presented—human nature is delineated in all its phases, showing us how to meet and deal with the situations which confront us. But why, oh why, must great problems, and human nature, and our own lessons of life, be clothed in sensual, cheapening attire? Has a greater teacher ever lived than the man who could place before the world vivid pictures of human nature, and the depths and shallows of each heart, as Thackeray did in "Vanity Fair?" Can one read the great problems of love, necessity, public or private charity and faith which Dickens tells, without a sense of bene-

fit? Yet where, with these great master minds and hearts, can one point out the sensual or bad? Wickedness, and vice, and human weakness show forth in these books—the philosophy of love and hatred—the influence of each person's life on another's in all the petty details of every day life, and in all the sublime crises which come at times; but no word to cause an inward consciousness of guilt at such reading—no chapter for which one need apologize with the time worn gag of descriptions or strong style—nothing but purity, and great mindedness, and moral elevation.

And how many of the rising generation reads them; and of the few who do, how many give them the preference over the more modern and polluting books? It seems to me that one life time is not enough in which to read all the great things the world has given us up to date, and it makes me shudder to think of the time wasted on the average reading of today.

May we not make one successful appeal to the authors for just a few clean, innocent, entertaining books? Or has the public cry for "emotional thrills" so degenerated them that they are helpless?

May we not make one successful appeal to each reader of this day? Stop wondering what causes the lax social and moral conditions of the present age as exhibited by your own observation and the books of Gertrude Atherton; cleanse your own mind from the degrading influence of modern books of "thrills", and try a little of the wholesome literature which surrounds you on all sides. The moral conditions may not be changed, but you yourself will stand less chance of degenerating, be it ever so slow or unconscious a process.

Notwithstanding the immense amount of publicity which has been given to Esperanto, the international language, it is believed that at this time not more than one-tenth of the people of the United States have even a vague idea of its purpose and scope, and perhaps not one in a hundred has a reasonably definite conception of it. As a sort of counter-irritant to the irresponsible criticism which is occasionally circulated by the uninformed, Arthur Baker of "Amerika Esperantisto" of Chicago has printed for free distribution a second edition of 100,000 copies of a small primer, "Elements of Esperanto," setting forth the grammar, word-construction and purpose of the language, and will mail a copy to any person who requests it, sending stamp for postage.

A Terpsichorean Disquisition

PART ONE—By BEN C. TRUMAN

So long as the world lasts undoubtedly there will be dancing, although there has been a constant—even if slow and irregular—decline in the “tripping of the light fantastic toe” since 1870, especially in England and the United States—and this in the face of the growing extension of the privilege among certain religious sects, that fifty years before, had vehemently taught that even the “plain quadrille” was wicked, and that those who waltzed would perish by hell-fire and brimstone. As a matter of fact, though, dancing has for a score of years been slowly but surely going out of society use, and is being indulged in less and less in Los Angeles, and, of course, elsewhere, as the decades roll by. One reason for this decline is because the average genteel young man would rather take the young woman he likes best to the theater or the vaudeville show, or on an automobile ride, or even by trolley, and to a cafe afterwards; and another reason is because there are nowadays fewer receptions and weddings where there is dancing; no “kettle-drums” of a quarter of a century ago; few soirees dansante, and fewer charity balls.

Time was in Los Angeles when there were dances somewhere half the nights in the year. There were only about ten or twelve thousand people here, to be sure; but all the adults danced, and quadrilles outnumbered the waltzes and all other dances, although the population was a waltzing one. In those days the firemen, Odd Fellows, and nearly all the other associations each had a ball or two a year. The Union Club had at least two dancing receptions a month during its kaleidoscopic career. There were dancing parties in Leek's Hall on Main street, and in the old Turnverein Germania on Spring street once or twice a week six months in the year. The Kewens, the Whites, the Thorns, the Morenhauts, and some others gave many receptions and dansantes annually; and every big banquet or dinner at the old Bella Union was followed by a hop.

The reader wouldn't think it, maybe, but that are still with us many who used to “swing corners” and “right hands to your partners” in a hall on Commercial street in the rear of the old Bella Union Hotel forty odd years ago: namely, Mrs. Arcadia B. de Baker, Mrs. Charlie Johnson, Mrs. J. B. Winston, Mrs. Jesurun, Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, Mr. and Mrs. Harris Newmark, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. King, Dr. Crawford, J. B. Toberman, Billy Workman, Mr. Briggs, Meyer Newmark, Steve Mott, Dr. Orme and others. But the great majority a long time ago crossed the mysterious river.

There is still another reason why dancing has been perceptibly eliminated from the old-time catalogue of recreations. The average business man of the present day is a hard and constant worker, and has no time or is too tired to dance. The coming of the bicycle and then the automobile, theaters and vaudeville entertainments, and innumerable other attractions, have relegated Terpsichorean blandishments to the rear. The elimination of all old “square” dances, including even les lanciers, has driven all the elderly ones away, and bad waltzes have taken their place—and good waltzing has fallen off because the young had rather

spend their time and money in other ways. The German, even, which was such a rage for twenty years, has about gone, probably never to return—a most expensive piece of tomfoolery.

The defender of dancing traces or pretends to trace the “cavalier seul” away back to Adam, and the “avant deux” to Adam and Eve. Miriam certainly executed at least one “fling,” according to the Bible, and the “hymnal dance” was evidently in vogue when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. The “farandole” can be traced back three or four thousand years. There are proofs abundant that Theseus “tripped the light fantastic” in great shape, and that Socrates was no slouch in “shaking a foot.” Plato and Simonides praised dancing and must have known some figures themselves. Julius Caesar was as graceful as courageous, and must have executed many a “pigeon wing.” Louis XIV was not only “Le Grande Monarque,” but also “un grand danseur,” and he it was who said that “an elegant dancer makes a long step in love.” Chesterfield believed that dancing was a great accomplishment; and Napoleon, when a military student at Brienne, sent to his father for extra money for dancing lessons, claiming that if he could not dance he would become ridiculous. Washington and Franklin could not dance at all, but they encouraged dancing as a grace. Benton was a fine dancer, and Jackson noted that the better the dancer the greater the favorite with women. And the present Czar has uttered this apothegm on dancing: “A man is perfect and complete only when he knows how to conduct himself under all social conditions. A dancing master is a master of manners, and is, therefore, indispensable.” Much more of a truly philosophic degree has emanated from other illustrious observers and expounders upon the subject of dancing. Careful observers of the various dances of the various peoples of the world—from the polite figures in the aristocratic minuet and the civilized dervishes in the whirl of the fashionable two-step and waltz down to the fandango of the Mexicans and the hoedown which is popular among the darkies of the Mississippi bayou boats—concur in the opinion that national and tribal traits are unmistakably betrayed along these lines: “Show me how a people dance, and I will tell you what they are,” said an ethnologist whose name I cannot call, and is of no particular consequence. In point of fact, enough of the character of a race is betrayed in its method of dancing, and in the character of its dance music, to furnish the basis for an accurate summary of its character.

And some other writer has said:

“The Hungarian, in his Czardash, reaches the fullest development of his firm impetuosity. The German, in the waltz, gives an illustrating insight into the habit of dreamy pensiveness and exaggerated sentimentality not one salient feature of the Teutonic character. The Pole, in the stately mazurka, gives expression to his national gallantry.

“Among the Southern Slavs the dance through the centuries of Turkish oppression, has become the vehicle for the expression of the national longings, the national resent-

ments and the national impulse of self-preservation.

“It is a curious dance, this choro on the village green, that is a feature of every holiday celebration, every wedding and every Sunday. The youths and maidens, holding each other by the hands in a long string, move about, at first in stately measure and then gradually with a more rapid movement. The music is generally improvised for the occasion, as are the words. The first stanza, or perhaps the first line, is sung by the belle of the village, who leads the dance; the second, in response, by a young man or young woman at the other end of the long string of dancers.

“Up to 50 years ago, before the Bulgarians had a free press, a free Government and the best army of defense in Southeastern Europe, the dance-song, like the song of the shepherd in his mountain solitude, was one of the few means for the expression of the national feeling that was permitted to him. At the choro some dark-eyed youth told, in improvised song, of the misdeeds of a wicked Turkish Bey, and the response completed the sentiment by outlining what would happen to the oppressor in good time.

“That these things frequently did happen is indicated by the wealth of legends that recount the dispensing of vengeance upon insolent Moslem noblemen. Sometimes the responsive singing to which the choro moved was made the means of carrying on a courtship in public. Some white-trousered swain, in a sheep-skin cap, sang to the object of his heart's desire at the other end of the line, of his unhappiness, while, she, blushing, as women ever will, responded with a tale of parental oppression or plainly informed him, to the accompaniment of laughter, that his suit was not acceptable—that the one who would win her hand must do great deeds or win great guerdon of wealth.

“Then, again, the dance-songs were frequently true narratives of heroism, the epics of brave men who had insulted Mahomet, and ended their lives in the mountains, in the struggle against oppression and injustice; of the men who had wrought vengeance for outraged womanhood or despoiled old age.

“Many hundreds of these songs have been handed from generation to generation, each locality preserving its own characteristics, but all bearing the inevitable burden of melancholy that is the heritage of the Slav, as gayety is the heritage of the Gaul.

“In the present day the choro continues to be the typical amusement of the people; but the altered conditions of life have largely done away with the quaint habit of song. In the cities, the music of the dance is furnished but too frequently by an excellent military band or a gypsy orchestra; while in the country the instrumental music is taking the place of the vocal.”

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

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The Loaf of Bread of the Near Future

By CHARLES CRISTADORO

The Agricultural Experimental Station, at Berkeley, is to grow 200 samples of durum wheat to ascertain which is the best, everything considered, for bread making. What is durum wheat? Nearly ten years ago, M. A. Carleton, Cerealist of the Bureau of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., was sent on a prospecting tour through the farms of wheat-growing Russia. Never did placer miner or ore prospector enter upon a more momentous undertaking, for the result of that trip is to prove in dollars and cents of more value to this nation than all the gold and silver mines combined, discovered or to be discovered. (A postal card to Agricultural Bureau, Washington, D. C., will bring you Bulletin No. 70, a veritable romance of a loaf of bread.)

Russia was supplying France with durum wheat from which to make her bread, and French bread is so nourishing that a workman can eat a foot or more of this crusty, muscle-making bread, wash it down with a glass of vin ordinaire, and on such a lunch do a hard afternoon's work, as if, in fact, he had filled up on beef. Much of the durum wheat went to Italy and was made into macaroni, and Italian macaroni held the markets of the world.

So our Government thought it high time to learn something of durum wheat, called durum, Latin for **hard**, because of its rich, gluten muscle-making contents.

And Mr. Carleton found the wheat and brought home bushels of durum and gave them to the farmers, who planted it side by side with their other wheat.

They gave wonderful reports, did the farmers, of their first crop and they were jubilant over the prospects. They said, in substance, that durum wheat resisted successfully drouth, smut, rust and bugs, and pulled through triumphantly when other wheats, drouth stricken, withered and died. The crop was a sure one. The yield was 25% to 100% more than from other wheats; Texas growing 50 bushels to the acre. It was a cereal bonanza to the farmers and no mistake.

But, when they carted their grain to market, the elevator men would not buy it. The millers said it was too hard to grind, too much tough muscle-making gluten in it for their rollers to crush. So the farmers went home, cursing durum wheat as a failure and figuring out that Uncle Sam had handed out a box of lemons all around.

But the Government is slow at being discouraged, and the farmers, finding out that when the hogs were fed on durum wheat they made phenomenal pork, more durum wheat was planted.

In 1901 100,000 bushels were raised, and in 1907 sixty million (60,000,000) bushels were harvested. So durum wheat has come to stay. Yet you can tramp the streets of Los Angeles and find no bakery where you can, for love or money, buy a loaf of durum bread!

Ordinary bakers' bread from blended flours contains about 8% of muscle-builders; the gluten, the "Lean of the meat" in wheat. Durum bread from selected flour contains 15, maybe, 20% of muscle-builders.

Gluten in wheat is analogous to the red,

lean muscle-making meat of beef. It makes as good, if not better, muscle in the human body than does beef. It is really the "meat of the wheat." So when you can get a loaf of durum bread with twice the gluten in it as compared with the bread today, it is the same as if your butcher were to give you a fine roast, with twice the lean in it per pound, at the same price. It just means getting twice the food, flesh-building value in your loaf of bread.

A curious thing, too; when wheat brought from Russia, which contained 15% of gluten, was planted in our rich prairie soil it showed on examination to have increased to 18, 20, 22% and more of gluten content. In other words, we, today, are growing far better wheat than Russia and our durum wheat leads all the world, and the bulk of it goes to Europe to make the bread for the French people that they love so well and eat so much of. For various reasons we, at home, continue to eat 8% gluten bread when we could have 16% bread, just for the asking. This is ignorance on the part of the public, and despite the fact that our Agricultural Bureau has been striving for ten years to educate the people to eat durum flour bread, the same old conditions prevail. And durum flour is very rich in natural sugar, and makes a sweet, satisfying, crusty, nut-flavored loaf of bread—and all for five cents—for it costs no more. And durum bread can be made as white and as light as the whitest of bread, if the baker will only use the proper machinery for so doing.

We have the soil and the farmers to till it. The elevators to store the grain; the millers to grind it, and the bakers to bake it—and the public to eat it, if the public be wise and alive to its own interests.

This year's crop of wheat of all kinds, grown in the United States, amounted to 600,000,000 bushels. If we were in a year to turn over and plant durum exactly within the same area, a hundred and fifty (150,000,000) million bushels extra would spring out of the soil, because 25% extra yield is a certainty compared with other wheats. Were the crop to double, could it all be grown in Texas at 50 bushels to the acre, we would add six hundred (600,000,000) million bushels extra to our output.

So it is a good proposition for the farmers—as to the miller, our foreign consuls say that Europe stands to take all the durum wheat and flour we can give her—because we are making durum wheat flour that leads the world.

So the miller has a steady market ahead of him. It's good for the baker. Why? He, today, bakes only 16 loaves out of every hundred baked; the woman in the kitchen bakes the other 84. Statistics show this to be a fact. Why should a woman slave on a bread board in her kitchen doing the hardest of all kitchen drudging, kneading bread, when she can have the baker do it for her by machinery? There is a reason. The house-wife thinks there is a **something** to her home-made from a straight high-grade flour, rich in gluten, that is wanting in the baker's loaf and she keeps on kneading and baking her 84 loaves, and the baker keeps on baking his 16 loaves. In Scotland the

bakers make 95 loaves and the woman five out of every hundred. The women of France are the best and most economical housekeepers in the world, yet the baker sells every house, within reaching distance; supplies 75 out of every hundred loaves and the other 25 are made at home because the women have no bakery to go to, living in the country.

The French bakers use durum flour and the woman in the house knows she can do no better and willingly gives her order to the baker for her bread, and that would be the case here, in America, were the bakers to use durum flour.

Look at the food value of durum bread, as compared with other staples. I simply use a muscle-forming basis value as it is muscular flesh, bone, blood, nerves, sinew, teeth and brain that gluten or albumen make coupled with salts and phosphates:

	Mus.-form. val.	Cost per
	in 100 lbs.	lb.
Beef—roast, lean, no fat no bone, all cut away, just the red flesh	18	50 to 75c
Potatoes	2	7c
Rice—polished, white	0	10c
Rice—natural, yellow	7	9c
Milk—cows	4½	4c
Baker's blended flour bread	8	5c
Macaroni, from standard durum flour (in bulk)	15 to 20	7 to 8c
Durum baker's bread from Standard flour	15 to 20	5c

So the figuring is not difficult. He who runs may read: Potatoes and rice come on the table a thousand times, macaroni once, maybe never. Yet macaroni is simply flour and water made into a dough, pressed into shape and air dried. An unleavened, uncooked bread as it were.

Durum bread the public is yet to eat, and can have for the asking. It is up to the public as to whether it eats the sixty million of bushels of durum wheat raised this year or allows the bulk of it to go to France to be made into French bread.

Popular demand is the law—and the miller and the baker must bow low and be subservient to it. So if in writing this article I have stimulated the curiosity of the people and started the durum bread ball rolling by inducing them to ask for durum bread, and see that they get it, I will not have written in vain.

Cemetery Decision.

In an opinion handed down yesterday the Supreme Court affirmed a former decision sustaining the validity of an ordinance prohibiting the interment of dead bodies within the corporate limits of the city and county of San Francisco. The case at issue was that of the Laurel Hill Cemetery Association against the city, which was decided adversely to the appellants and plaintiffs in the lower court. The cemetery association set forth that there were several thousand dollars invested in the enterprise; that there was still quite a parcel of land unused which could be used for burial purposes, and that the interment of bodies would not be a menace to the public health. The court in its opinion held that the ordinance was a valid exercise of the legislative powers of the Board of Supervisors of the city and county of San Francisco.—San Francisco Chronicle, December 5.

Palm Springs—Our California Oasis

By ROBERT ORDWAY FOOTE

The word Oasis always appeals to Western minds; with its subtle suggestion of far away Oriental Lands, of languorous nomads and peaceful days, of waving palms and brilliant desert sunsets. Yet how few of we Californians have even heard of our own oasis, a spot of peaceful happiness in the midst of desolation, a place of palms and laughing waters among the shifting sands, nestled down in the protecting shadow of the everlasting mountains; the home of a quaint people and the well-beloved, long-remembered land of many a beauty seeker.

If you be one of the elect, when the toils and noises of the city life have so gotten on your nerves that you are in imminent danger of permanently souring on the world, you will board that euphoniously named train, the Sunset Express, and sooner or later, generally later, it will set you down at Palm Springs Station; smiling aborigine will lead you to the stage and you will be off to Palm Springs, six miles south.

Palm Springs takes its name from the hot sulphur springs found there. It was a famous watering place in the old days of the Yuma Trail. Grateful, indeed, must have been the sight of its distant palms to the thirsty travelers of the picturesque mule trains of that romantic time.

It would hardly do to call Palm Springs a town, "country-cross-roads" would be better. But who ever heard of a country-cross-roads where cotton-woods and palm trees intermingled their shade. There is, in fact, little of a village except that of the Indians. The store, the postoffice, the little hotel, the homes of possibly half a dozen voluntary exiles who prefer a beautiful,

peaceful existence to the chase of the almighty dollar, and one or two adobe ranch houses—these comprise the settlement. The springs themselves are on the Agua Caliente (Hot Water) Indian Reservation, surrounded by towering palms and surmounted by an affair, courtesy known as the Bath-house, is as fine a warm sulphur spring as can be found in all this southland, bubbling up through the white sands at a temperature of about one hundred degrees.

Your bath will cost you "two-bits," and you will receive double worth of your quarter—a mineral bath and a dime museum exhibition.

These Indians are a branch of the Coahuilla (pronounced Kawia) Tribe, and there are some twenty-five or thirty of them living on the Agua Caliente Reservation. They are a quiet, industrious people and rapidly assimilate such of the white man's customs as seem to them good. All have tended little farms, and a few have quite good-sized

bunches of cattle on the range. They are great horse lovers, and own some fine animals; their principal sport being the weekly Sunday horse race down the only street of the village. Many fine baskets are produced by the old squaws, but frequent traders have taught them to charge full curio store prices.

The unique little hotel is immediately across the road (the reservation line) from the springs. It is strongly suggestive of a southern plantation, with its low, rambling main building and wide galleries, its outlaying tents and palm-thatched cottages and its genial, whole-souled hospitality. It is always after dark when the stage arrives, and the dining-room makes an especial appeal to the weary pilgrim, but for its own sake the room is indeed worth while. Your host's nationality is instantly an open book, for the first thing to catch your eye is the Selkirk Grace burned into the wall:



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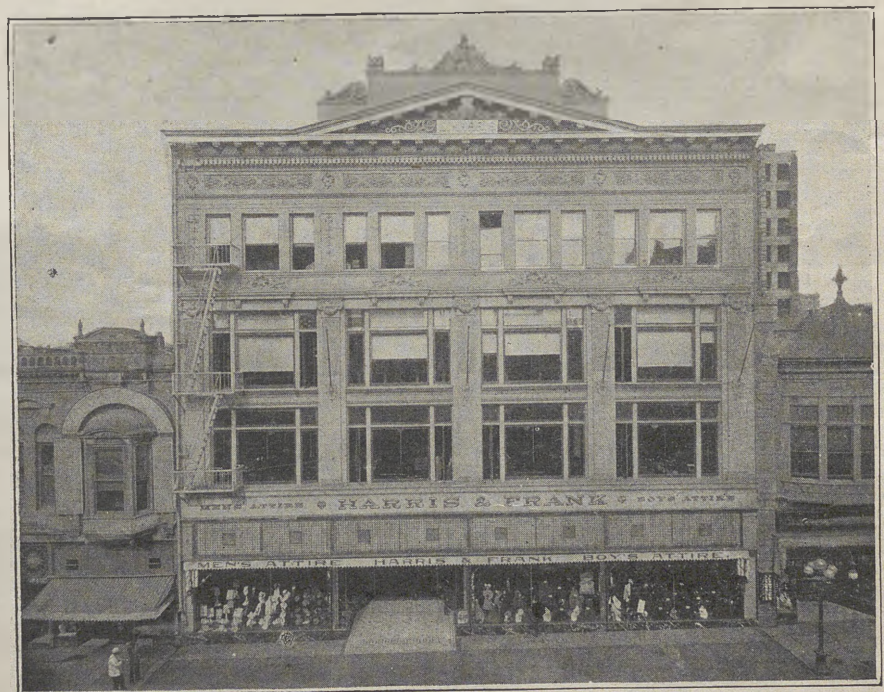
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And you certainly do eat.

All about the dining-room are mural paintings by some of California's most noted artists, for Palm Springs is a Mecca to the lovers of brilliant desert coloring and rugged mountain scenery. One huge scene in particular, a painting of Palm Canyon by Carl Eytel, picturing an Indian encampment beneath the ancient palms, fills one with an

enthusiastic longing to visit that romantic spot.

After the big open fire is lit in the evening, for the nights are the typical cool ones of all desert countries, the guests delight to gather around their canny Scotch host, Dr. Wellwood Murray, and listen to the tales of wilder days in this same quiet spot and in the San Geronimo Pass above; for Dr. Murray is a pioneer in this section and knows every foot of it as well as he knows his own garden. And that they were troublous times, may be realized from the fact

that part of the hotel is an old stone fort.

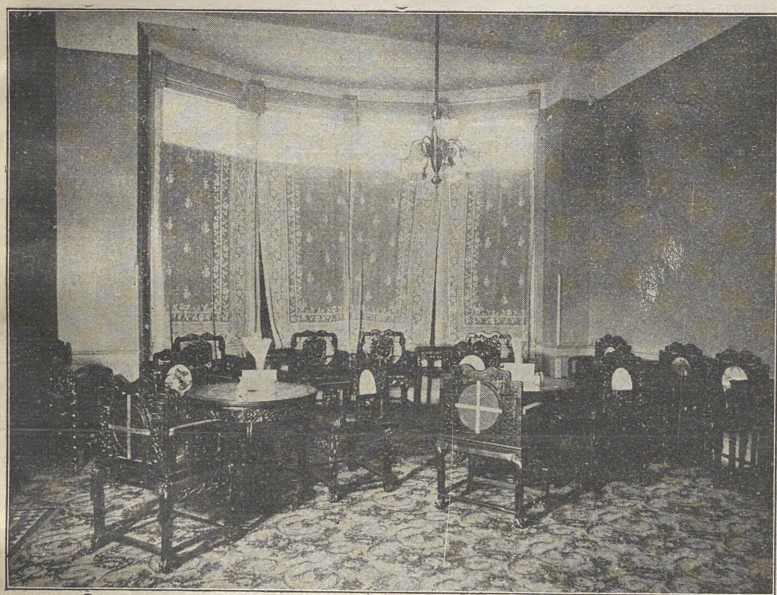
Seven miles to the south of Palm Springs lies Palm Canyon, one of the strangest spots to be found in our picturesque California. Here grow the ancient palms, two hundred or more years old and planted by what unknown and long dead hand? Or are they the result of the same process of evolution that has produced like species in other lands? This is a puzzle our scientific friends have yet to solve. The palms are the fan-palm (*Washingtonia Filamentosa*) so common in California and Florida. Here are thousands upon thousands of them, from tiny ones with leaves the size of a man's hand to the giants eighty and ninety feet high; growing on the rocky mountains, beside the gurgling stream and almost under the little waterfalls. So thick are they that riding even along the trail is extremely difficult, and one has often to bend low over the horse's back. The canyon trail leads up for many miles, finally coming out at Van de Venter's Flat and thence leading on to Idyllwild and hoary old San Jacinto Peak.

Murray, Andreas and Chino are other canyons leading back into the San Jacinto Mountains from the sheltered Palm Valley and in all of them are found the native palms, though not in as great profusion as in Palm Canyon. In Chino Canyon, which is the ancient home of the Indians now living on the Agua Caliente Reservation, and is named for one of their chiefs, is another fine hot sulphur spring. Here, also, are found numerous cold springs, and the Indians frequently spend the hot months of the year in this canyon.

The whole Palm Valley is a veritable grave yard of fond hopes and an example of the folly of water quarrels. The Indians, with their assured water rights, have shown a little of what the soil is capable of, but everywhere can be seen the failures of the white man. There is the "Garden of Eden;" how sarcastical the name sounds now! Yet, twenty years ago at the Garden of Eden, were raised the finest oranges in the world. Today you may search for hours without finding an orange tree. And Palmdale, fond dream of an English syndicate, which built a railroad across nine miles of sand to connect with the Southern Pacific at Seventeen Palms! Today, all you will find at Palmdale is a roofless adobe house and a few pepper trees. The Indians use the ties of the deceased railway to build their shacks with.

Yet, it will not be always so. Some day the slow process of the law will unwind itself, man will bestir himself and this palm shaded little valley will become the paradise nature intended it for. Some day here will be the finest sanatorium in all our health-giving state, for here is the dry air so necessary to pulmonary troubles, and here are the sulphur baths so beneficial for rheumatism and kindred diseases.

And in the meanwhile, thousands of tourists are visiting Southern California in search of the new and strange and going away again, never dreaming that scarce a hundred miles to the east of Los Angeles, hid away behind that snowy peak they gaze at on clear days is a little corner of Arabia, where the desert winds whisper in the palm leaves and a strange people lead their sequestered lives, hardly touched by the affairs of the outside world; a real Oasis in the Desert.



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By the Way

Thanks to Otis.

Some time in the near future when the financial situation eases up—it is getting better all the time—I am going to tell the story of a \$500,000 note on which the name of General Harrison Gray Otis figures as indorser. There was no necessity for General Otis to sign this note; he did it to hold the financial fabric together. What he did has accomplished the purpose intended by the makers of that note. I happen to know the whole story. Taken by far and large it is the most thrilling and interesting a bit of truth that has yet occurred in the financial history of the Southwest. As my readers know I have never expressed any terms of endearment for General Otis, but have believed him to be one of the most valuable citizens we have, principally on account of his zealous championship of the "open shop." The service he has just rendered to the people of Los Angeles will be appreciated some day. Unfortunately the time for telling the story has not come; but when it does come I hope to be able to tell it effectively. In the meantime, I hope "the General" will continue to regard me with his distinguished dis-esteem. While he will never, perhaps, appreciate my point of view on a good many things, I want him to know that I appreciate his services in tiding over the financial stress in Los Angeles. He did what he did without hope of gain, and I hope he will have his reward for this particular good deed, here or hereafter.

Garrett and Chandler.

Thomas Garrett of the San Francisco "Post," once Bishop of Broadway in Los

Angeles, maintains his patronizing attitude toward Los Angeles. His latest outburst is to quote Harry Chandler, who, recently in the San Francisco "Chronicle," said:

"I was hardly prepared to see San Francisco looking so well. Down in Los Angeles we frequently hear reports of how San Francisco is getting on, and your own people who visit the south do the city much injustice. You can hear them complain about the way the streets are cut up, and about the dust and disorder, without hearing anything of the wonderful progress of the work of reconstruction. San Franciscans do not do the city proper credit. It is a great revelation to see what has been done and what is being done here."

On this the learned Bishop of Broadway says:

"What a message of peace! The poet Virgil bids us beware of the Greeks when they bring gifts. What is the meaning of these gifts, these words of praise, from the lips of Mr. Harry Chandler, the son-in-law of General Otis? Can it be possible that the doughty General is still imbued with an ambition to invade the field of daily journalism in San Francisco? A year or more ago, it was a well-known fact that General Otis had made preparations to invade the San Francisco field. But after due deliberation, he came to the conclusion that the better part of valor was not to come. Since that time, General Otis has smitten San Francisco with all the force of which the hero of the Rubicon is capable. But now there is a change. It is not the Los Angeles "Times" that has been libeling this city. San Francisco has been libeled by her own citizens. So says Mr. Harry Chandler. And he ought to know, for the newspaper of which he is manager and stockholder takes a deep interest in the affairs of this metropolis."

Go to it, gentlemen.

Ellis Memorial.

Now that it is definitely settled that the ashes of the late Charles J. Ellis will remain in the East, and that no services will be held here, it is meet and proper that the musically

inclined people and the musicians of Los Angeles unite in holding a memorial for the dead. Judge Ellis held a unique position in the musical world. While music for men's voices received much of his attention, he was a patron of all that was best in music. His judgment was excellent; his ideals unflinchingly high. I take the liberty of proposing an appropriate memorial service, to be held some Sunday afternoon in the Temple Auditorium. I propose that some sincere friend of Judge Ellis—Major Henry T. Lee, for instance—deliver an address in memory of this sterling man. I propose that the music for the occasion be furnished by the Symphony Orchestra, by the Ellis Club, and by the Women's Lyric Club. Most of the music written for memorial purposes, or for service over the dead, is written for mixed voices, and this is the reason for my suggestion that the Women's Lyric be asked to sing with the Ellis Club. I will go farther. From Judge Ellis' own lips I know that he was a warm admirer of the music written for the service of the Catholic church. Once he said to me that he considered Mozart's Fifteenth Mass (the Requiem Mass) the finest thing ever written for mixed voices. With this knowledge, I will go farther and suggest that this music which he loved so well would be appropriate for part of the service. Mozart, it will be remembered, composed this work in his final month of life—when he knew that he would soon join the majority. In this music he combined not only all of his musical genius, but the language of a soul that knew it was soon to be released.

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Courthouse Extension.

Supervisor Charles E. Patterson is entitled to the credit for formulating the most rational and business-like plans for permanent quarters for many county officers yet proposed. The Courthouse may be a landmark all right, perched up on the hill, but it is a "space killer." The county business has long since outgrown the meager office space provided in the Courthouse. Justices' courts, the Tax Collector, and other officials are outside the Courthouse, and occupying rented rooms. Now a great pile of masonry may be pretty—spacious halls and dark corners may be nice; but these things are not business. More than half of the space in the Courthouse may be said to be waste space. The rooms are too high; the halls too many, the central court is cheerless. To meet the demand for room, Mr. Patterson would have the county erect an office **business block** south and along side of the present Courthouse grounds, extending from Broadway to New High. Mr. Patterson would put in a foundation sufficient for a ten-story structure, and then put up four, five or six stories, as the call for office room demands, subsequently adding the top stores as required. That is a thoroughly good business proposition, and here is more power to Mr. Patterson's idea. There is no sense in erecting another architectural conglomeration for county purposes; and for that matter, for city purposes, either, when the time comes to replace the City Hall.

Wallace and Blanchard.

I am pleased to see that the Ninth Ward retains the contested \$43,000 appropriation

for sewers. True, the "Times," the "Express" and the "News" have been rending the air with wild shrieks because Councilman Blanchard secured this measure of justice for his constituents. The plain truth is that the Ninth Ward is entitled to that sewer money. The people of the Ninth have been voting their share for all public improvements. Mr. Blanchard did right in insisting that the ward should have the sewer—no matter if it did come from Mr. Wallace's carefully nurtured fund. It is in order to ask the people west of the river what benefit the Ninth Ward received from the storm drain bonds; what from the outfall sewer bonds without proper connections?

Rheinschild.

The "Times" in describing how Blanchard beat Wallace in this contest seeks to hold George Rheinschild up to ridicule. It called him a "great uncouth sixfoot contractor," and mimicked his homely speech. George Rheinschild told the truth about the favoritism shown the southwestern section of the city in the matter of sewers at the expense of the Boyle Heights people. George Rheinschild may be "great;" he may be "uncouth;" he may be a six-footer, and he may be a contractor. But, nevertheless, he is a man and not an "Oily Gammon," like the managing editor of the "Times."

Wallace.

Mr. Wallace needed this particular beating for the good of his political health, and Mr. Blanchard was just the man to administer the spanking. Mr. Wallace thinks he is a candidate for Mayor; he has the backing

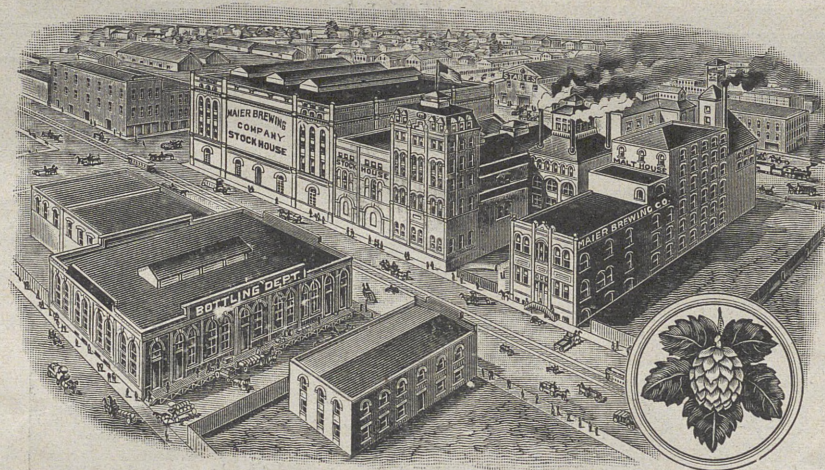
of the Earl-Letts kid glove combination, each individual of which is so holy that he is sprouting wings. A noted local reformer once said to me: "I cannot help liking Blanchard, he is far and away the ablest man who has been in the Council for ten years. Ninety-nine times in a hundred he is right, but when the hundredth time comes—oh, my!" Now I have been wondering whether my reformer friend is saying "Oh, my!" about Blanchard just now.

Fence Building.

Brother Blanchard has built several thousand miles of substantial political fences in the Ninth Ward by this sewer battle. His constituents will swear by him more than ever. As far as I can find out, there isn't a single element in Boyle Heights that now seeks his political life.

Republicans at War.

The first battle-royal between the Lincoln-Roosevelt League and the "Old Guard" of the Republican party in California is to be waged over the reappointment of Arthur Fisk to the postmastership of San Francisco. The Lincoln-Roosevelt reformers—headed by "the good doctor" and "deah brother" Pardee, who failed to make terms with Abe Ruef to secure his renomination as Governor—are hungry for Fisk's scalp. But Senators Perkins and Flint are equally determined that Fisk shall be reappointed. This being the case, the betting in San Francisco is five to one that Fisk will succeed himself. Thus far, despite the fervid representations of "prominent members" of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, they have been able to make no



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sort of inroad upon Federal patronage. The recent appointments of such "organization" men as Judge Sweeney of Shasta, as superintendent of the mint; General George Stone, land commissioner, and W. M. Cutter, the new coiner of the mint, are not encouraging to the leaguers. And now it appears that Jesse B. Fuller, a pronounced "organization" man, is to be appointed United States pension agent. It seems high time that E. Tobias Earl followed Dr. Pardee on a special mission to Washington to be sure that the President "gets next."

Angelenos at Berkeley.

A Los Angeles lad who is making his mark at the University of California, both in his studies and other pursuits, is Sayre MacNeil, grandson of the late Jonathan S. Slauson, whose memory will long be honored here. Young MacNeil was recently selected to represent the University in a debate on woman suffrage. As the son of his mother, who is one of the most capable business women in Southern California, and a lady of indefatigable energy and great resource, naturally MacNeil was found to be a stalwart champion of woman's rights. Before his university career he had the great educational advantage of wide travel, and with his mother and his sister has seen "many people, many countries." Among his other pursuits, MacNeil is very much interested in dramatic art, which is being cultivated at Berkeley on a liberal scale. Two former residents of Los Angeles are engaged at the university in this direction. Charles Don von Neumayer, formerly of the Normal School here, occupies a chair of oratory and was responsible for the fine production of Howell's "Samson and Delilah," recently produced at the University. Garnet Holmes, who was identified with many local amateur productions, has also found congenial work around Berkeley.

"Mann's Inn."

Former habitués of the Angelus and the Maryland, at Pasadena, will readily recall the cheerful bustling and efficient personality of "Gus" Mann. If I remember aright, the genial Gustav presided over the destinies of the Angelus Grill room when that other "Gus" (Holmes) opened that hotel. Mann has rapidly mounted the ladder of success since he settled in San Francisco. Before the fire he was in partnership with John Tait at

Zinkand's, then the northern city's most famous restaurant. After the disaster he became manager of the Majestic Hotel and Annex on Sutter street. Now, I hear, he is to manage a large new hotel at the corner of Powell and O'Farrell streets, which is to be ready for occupancy next September. He is thinking of calling it "Mann's Inn," and replies to facetious friends that "No man will be out at Mann's Inn." The hotel, only a block away from the St. Francis and nearer to Market street, will be finely located, is to be fireproof, and equipped with every imaginable modern convenience, from running iced water to bedside reading lamps.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Clark Copper.

I am informed that the Clark Copper deal is being settled up. The treasury is to get \$40,000 in cash and will also receive 400,000 shares of stock. Lester Scott and Fielding J. Stilson go on the board of directors, and cannot be ousted by the Clark-Percy element for three years. The majority stockholders will tie up in the treasury 295,000 shares of stock, making a total treasury holding of 695,000 shares. J. Ross Clark stays on the board of directors. I have failed to notice any disposition of the Young Men's Christian Association to investigate the conduct of Mr. Clark in connection with this Clark Copper deal, and no doubt he will remain a highly respected and influential member of that body. Mr. Clark ought at once to become a candidate for the Civic Righteousness League, if he is not already a leading light in it; he should organize a new club or something for the extermination of boodlers; he should lead a moral crusade to cleanse the district north of First street. Los Angeles needs just such workers in its vineyard. Los Angeles needs Mr. Clark's help in reforming its commercial morals. Rise up, Mr. Clark, and proclaim Holy War!

Mr. Reynolds! Mr. Reynolds!!

The week has progressed about far enough for Special Policeman Reynolds, the Humane Officer, to "discover" that Mayme Remington and her four pickanninies are on the



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Orpheum stage. I wouldn't spoil my reputation for truth and veracity by asserting that the comely and dumpling-like Mayme is under the age limit—although maybe she is still on the sunny side of forty. But Mr. Reynolds is about due to examine the teeth of that smallest pickanniny—the cleverest of the bunch, maybe, and one or two others. Calling to mind Mr. Reynolds' conscientious endeavors in times past, I am impelled to remark that a story reaches me that that energetic gentleman is not likely to be as active as in times past. Heretofore Mr. Reynolds has ordinarily "discovered" violations of the law by traveling companies just about the day before these companies were ready to move on. The "offenders" would much rather plead guilty and pay a fine than stay and fight the case. Engagements ahead must be met, you know, and the hold-up was preferable to losing an engagement. Well, the story comes to me that Brother Reynolds says he is "tired" of being made ridiculous by the papers, and that whoever wants the law enforced can get somebody else to do it. Bravo, Mr. Reynolds.

Racing at Santa Anita

The opening of the winter racing season at Santa Anita Park was an event long to be

remembered in the annals of racing in Southern California. It was a great day for the officials of the Los Angeles Racing Association, for "Lucky" Baldwin, and lastly the public, who turned out in numbers estimated close to 7000. The opening day was not ideal for racing, as the rain the previous night had softened track conditions; still good time was made in most all races programmed for the day. R. F. Carman, the millionaire sportsman from New York, carried off the honors of the day by winning four of the six events carded. Mr. Carman is the type of man who elevates the sport of racing, as his methods have never been questioned, his horses always being run to win, or drawn before a race if not in fit condition. The buildings at Santa Anita Park are almost an exact duplicate of Ascot, so the surroundings were very homelike to the old patrons. The track, though, is one and one eighth miles around, with a "chute" at the mile, and one at the seven-eighths, conforming with some of the eastern courses. An absence of turf advisors or "touts" was noticeable—with one exception—and if the rigid rules outlined by the Association are enforced by Pinkerton's the better element of patronage is assured.

The Exception.

The "Graphic" again refers to the notorious Harry Brolaski of unsavory reputation well established in most of the principal cities the country over. Brolaski's hasty departure from Ascot last season is still fresh in the minds of many. One of his specialties is the "phoney" wire tap game and it is said that a prominent business man had a very close call from losing a large sum but saved by being notified of the character of this "sure thing" individual who had him in tow. Brolaski perhaps gained the greatest notoriety by operating a sure thing "get-rich-quick" turf commission game in Chicago a few years ago. Another of his "enterprises" was the operation of every kind of sure thing devices on a large river steamer on the Mississippi during the St. Louis Fair. Brolaski was indicted by the Grand Jury and placed in the "hold-over" for awhile but escaped through some technicality. His career has been a notorious one. The "Graphic" has not space to enumerate the list of sure thing deals accredited him. How he gained entrance to the grounds of the Los Angeles Racing Association is hardly understood after the developments and exposure toward the close of the last Ascot race meeting. Brolaski's history is well known to the Pinkertons, but not to the local detectives. His latest scheme was uncovered by the "Graphic" recently, when he organized the Universal Investment Company here in Los Angeles, with an authorized capital of \$50,000; subscribed. \$3. A prominent attorney consented to the use of his name as a director, but upon being informed of Brolaski's character, hastily withdrew. It is more than probable that the directors of the Los Angeles Racing Association are not cognizant of the fact that this individual is busy about the paddock and betting ring. Judge Hamilton may soon expect some startling form reversals. "Nip 'em in the bud" is the slogan vouched for by George Rose in behalf of the Racing Association.

Mead.

By reason of continued ill-health, William Mead has been compelled to resign from the presidency of the Central National Bank. Preparatory to taking a trip abroad for the benefit of his health, he has disposed of his interests in the bank. George Mason, one of the wealthy residents of the city, has become president of the bank and with O. T. Johnson becomes one of the financial pillars of the bank. I am sorry to learn of Mr. Mead's ill-health, but his physicians have insisted that he must cease his business activities for a long time, if he is to regain his normal health. I have differed from Mr. Mead in several matters of public policy—notably about the Gothenburg system—but this has not prevented me from having a high regard for Mr. Mead's personal qualities.

A Home to Order.

I happened on the same car with Fred Hartman the other day, and he haled me off at Oak and Washington streets to go and look at the Hartman Apartments. It was certainly worth getting off the car for, and I came away wondering at the wonderful ingenuity which had planned such a perfection of multum in parvo. There are 22 apartments in the building, and every window looks onto the outside of the building, with the exception of the kitchens which front on ventilating shafts that carry away all traces of cooking odors. Each apartment has an entrance hall, two rooms, a kitchen and a roomy bath room. The beds are of the Marshall-Stearns variety and close up into closets not into a wall-space. Each closet is provided with a window so that the beds are always subject to proper airing. Both rooms have beds in them, not that you would suspect it if you did not know as they display nothing but a very handsome mahogany panel when closed up. The furnishing and fixtures are very complete and handsome. The silver and glass ware are all the real thing from wine glasses down to the silver chafing dish on the side-

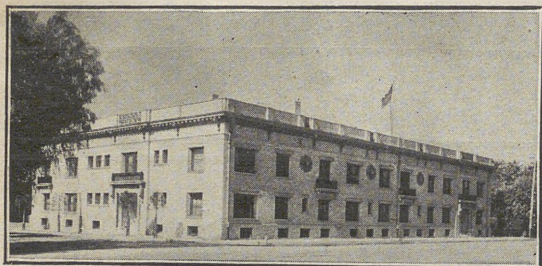
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board. The kitchens are gems. Cold air closets, refrigerators, gas stoves, cupboards and everything that the young house-wife could desire are there and are of the latest pattern. Nothing is forgotten even to an ice-cream freezer, which is tucked away under the sink. There is, of course, hot water at all times of the day and night and steam heating carefully regulated to keep the rooms at just the right temperature. There is a telephone in each apartment, and supplies may be ordered directly from the tradesmen by this means. Each apartment has a locker in the basement, and deliveries are placed in these lockers, then a house employee delivers them to the apartments. There is a rack for ice and this is taken round and placed in each refrigerator when ordered. Space prevents my telling of all the wonderful details for convenience and comfort from the roof garden to the pergola in the sunny part of the grounds. I can only say that the Hartman Apartments represent the height of modern convenience and luxury.

Cat Show.

The event of the season among cat fanciers is the show of the Southern California National Cat Club, which will be held at the Chutes, from January 23 to January 26. Already an energetic arrangement committee consisting of Mrs. G. H. Kriechbaum, Mrs. W. L. Wolfe, Mrs. J. C. Girton, Mrs. N. A. Wolcott, Mrs. James E. Gorham and Mrs. E. Knox, is well advanced with the work of making this the finest and largest exhibition of cats ever held this side of Chicago. According to latest advices more than 150 cats will be entered in the various classes—from the very finest Persians and Angoras down to the ordinary every-day cat. This club has always held the best cat shows on the coast, and there is no reason to believe that it will not keep up to its reputation on this occasion.

Tournament of Roses.

The nineteenth annual Tournament of Roses will be held on New Year's day at

Pasadena. This tournament which is now recognized as one of the leading tournaments of the world, promises to eclipse all previous efforts. The floral parade, which will be given in the morning, embraces entries, which for grandeur and beauty of decoration and designs seems to have reached the limit of artistic merit. The afternoon sports at Tournament Park will be thrilling affairs, and the chariot races which for several seasons have attracted thousands of spectators will be the main attraction. The Tournament Ball, which will be given in the evening at Hotel Green, will be a brilliant affair, with the added attraction of Miss May Sutton, the champion tennis player of the world, who has been selected by the Board of Directors as Queen of the Tournament, and who will be assisted by the ladies of her court besides several matrons. Applications from many surrounding towns have been made and the interest shown has been greatly appreciated by the Tournament Directors.

James A. Craig.

A good many people who are not informed as to the facts think that Mayor Harper is responsible for the movement to make James A. Craig "Superintendent of Police." Los Angeles has no "superintendent of police" at present, as second in command of the police force. James A. Craig wants such an office, and he is a Democrat. Mayor Harper has never denied the stories that he is urging the creation of this office for Craig, but in point of fact he is not. The movement has not died, in spite of the fact that certain Councilmen say Craig shall not hold office.

William T. Craig.

My information is that William T. Craig is behind the James A. Craig boom. At the time the Democratic city convention met, William T. Craig, who is strong with the mercantile organizations that center in the Bullard Block, induced the Democrats to indorse Leslie R. Hewitt and W. C. Mushet for city attorney and city auditor, respectively. In return W. T. Craig naturally expects to obtain a favor in the shape of James A. Craig's appointment. That is human and is within the scope of "good politics." But there are irreconcilables in the Council like Barney Healy, and the program hangs fire.

To Mayor Harper.

Just a word, gently. Don't let the "Examiner" by its clamor run your administration. The "Examiner" is sure political death to any one it champions. You owe the "Examiner" nothing whatever. Don't let the "Express" threaten you out of your boots. E. T. Earl is as much a political hoodoo as the "Examiner" or the "Times." Don't let any would-be newspaper boss bullyrag you—whether a so-called great daily or a preachy weekly. The newspapers never gave you a helping hand. You are responsible to the people of Los Angeles for the success of your administration; not to the newspapers which represent nobody except their millionaire owners.

Leaky.

Mayor Harper's office, incidentally, is leaky. Somebody is tipping off inside information to the "Times." There once was a "private wire" leading direct from the office of the city detectives to the "Times" office. The system for gathering

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private information appears to have been enlarged and improved upon.

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Park Wanted.

When the cemetery matter comes up before the city council, it will be found that the sentiment in favor of eventually converting Rosedale into a park will be realized to be gathering strength. Granting that perhaps there is no immediate hope for making the change, the suggestion is made that the city council endeavor to come to some sort of terms with the Rosedale association—terms satisfactory to both parties and the lot owners—by which the change may be brought about. Los Angeles needs the Rosedale tract as a park just as much as it needs Agricultural Park for the same purpose. If the south is to have a park, so, too, should the southwest.

Fenders.

I have no means of substantiating my conjecture, but I would like to know to a certainty whether Dr. John R. Haynes was "jobbed" in the recent "tests" made on the Pacific Electric lines wherein the efficacy of fenders was at issue. Certain it is that the fenders on the cars of the Los Angeles Railway lines have done excellent service. If they have saved one additional lif, the expense has been warranted. And in its efforts to belittle Dr. Haynes the "Times" shows poor judgment in attacking the fenders.

Bank Regulation.

The shameful disclosures of conditions in the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company not only created a profound sensation in San Francisco, but pulled down the confidence which had been built up so carefully and painfully during the last month. The San Francisco papers, of course, "played up" every detail of the bank's destruction and the apparent guilt and disgrace of at least two of its officials, in the most sensational manner possible. The result was that just as the people were beginning to breathe more freely over the financial condition, and were ready again to put their trust in banks and bankers, they became once more alarmed. The tragedies that the faithlessness and dishonest speculation of the officers of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co. have brought upon their depositors, their stockholders and themselves are grievous enough, but the further pity of it is that when one banking institution is so shamefully exposed, every honest and well managed bank in its neighborhood is certain to suffer also. One of the lessons of this fearful failure is, as has already been pointed out in the "Graphic," that no banking institution should be permitted to be responsible to itself alone, and that membership in a clearing house association should be imperative. It is obvious that the State Bank Commission's influence and control have been practically valueless. When a bank belongs to an association, the members of which are mutually interested, and have a common responsibility, such loose policies and dishonest transactions as Dalzell Brown

and his colleagues became involved in are practically impossible. San Francisco bankers of high repute are now shaking their heads and murmuring that for a long time they had no confidence in the California Safe Deposit & Trust Co., and that for this reason no effort was made to save the institution. But why, if their suspicions were founded on good ground did they not take some measures to interfere with policies which were notoriously inimical to good and safe banking? The reply of some of them is that it was worse than useless to attempt to teach the State Bank Commissioners the rudiments of their business. Once more the colossal folly of the system by which we confound public business with politics is transparent. If a bank commission is to be of any real value as a public safeguard, it is obvious that it must be composed of men skilled in the banking business and not of persons who have to be rewarded for political service.

Bartnett.

At this distance it is not easy to arrive at the facts and to fix the responsibility for the crash. Nevertheless where a personal friend is involved in trouble it is impossible not to extend sympathy, and trust that his good name will be cleared. I refer, now, to Walter J. Bartnett. I first met "Bartie," as he was then called, at Berkeley at the University. He graduated in 1887. Bartnett came from Pacheco, a country village in Contra Costa county. From being a poor boy, he pushed his way up the ladder—solely by his own merits. He studied law, after leaving Berkeley, became the junior partner of Gunison, Booth & Bartnett. Possessing a brilliant, well-balanced mind, and limitless energy and ambition, in the early forties he had pushed himself to the foremost rank in George Gould's Western Pacific enterprise.

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East Side Bottle Beer

Extra Pale Lager

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"Malto" the \$10,000 Beer

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I cannot help hoping that "Bartie" will come out with his good name unsmirched, for it would be a pity if such a man and such a career went to wreck.

Then and Now.

Among the contributors to the Rudolph Spreckels fund, for the prosecution of graft in San Francisco, is said to have been J. Dalzell Brown, vice-president and general manager of the California Safe Deposit & Trust Company. It was Mr. Dalzell Brown, also, who was the honored host of the Hon. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth during the visit of the President's daughter to California last summer. At that time the organs of the "graft prosecution" made much of the fact that Mr. Patrick Calhoun's name did not appear in the list of guests invited to meet the President's daughter.

Of Vital Importance.

"We fully recognize that Mr. Calhoun's business is of vital importance to San Francisco." This was the admission made by Francis J. Heney last Monday in assenting to the President of the United Railroads making a trip to New York, during the prosecution's inability to proceed with its case against him. These words must have sounded strangely not only to the ears of Rudolph Spreckels, but to everyone else who heard them. The man who spoke them has been devoting his energies for a year to an attempt to ruin "Mr. Calhoun's business"—"of vital importance to San Francisco."

"Let 'er go, Gallagher."

San Francisco can only devote herself to one sensation at a time. The affairs of the California Safe Deposit & Trust Company

appear to have ousted completely the "graft prosecution" and all its works from public interest. Otherwise, the question of what has become of ex-Supervisor James L. Gallagher, the prosecution's star witness—barring the elusive Ruef—would be commanding public attention. Various theories are advanced to explain Heney's complacency in allowing Gallagher to slip through his fingers on the eve of Calhoun's trial. The most plausible is that since Ford's acquittal, Spreckels and Heney realize that they can never hope to "get" Calhoun unless Ruef "comes through" with the testimony they demand, and that it will be easier to secure immunity for Ruef if Gallagher never returns. Although only a week or so ago Heney declared he would see Ruef "in h—l" before he would grant him complete immunity, he now admits "we won't need Gallagher's testimony if we use Ruef. Two juries have favored granting Ruef immunity, and maybe we will." If Gallagher never returns, the innumerable indictments against Ruef will fall to the ground, for Gallagher's evidence against Ruef is essential. Thus a way may be paved for granting Ruef the price he demands for his testimony against Calhoun. Gallagher's sanctioned disappearance and Ruef's complete immunity would form a fitting climax to the juggling with justice that has characterized the course of the prosecution in its obsession to realize the Spreckels dream of vengeance.

Rendezvous with Gallagher.

In an interview attempting to explain the inexplicable disappearance of ex-Supervisor Gallagher, when the Calhoun trial was called last week, Mr. Heney declared he was fully conversant with Gallagher's proposed itinerary and had expected to meet him in Washington D. C. It is interesting to imagine what the purpose of that rendezvous in the capital was to have been. One can readily enough picture Mr. Heney calling at the White House to receive the President's congratulations, but was the sanctified Gallagher, still with the odor about him of the immunity bath given by Rudolph Spreckels in that other federal rendezvous—within the Presidio gates last April—to stand at Heney's right hand and bear testimony to Heney's prowess, endorsing his candidacy for the United States Senate? What a picture! And if only Rudolph Spreckels himself had found it convenient to accompany Heney to Washington, Gallagher then might have given the President some personal reminiscences and a direct narrative demonstrating what an adornment to the President's Cabinet Spreckels might be. The leaders of the prosecution have considered Gallagher's contract testimony good enough for their attempts to railroad innocent men to jail; doubtless they would consider his tribute worthy enough to present to the President for their personal glory and political distinction. But in the meantime Langdon alone is basking in the sunshine of eastern notoriety, and is prematurely plucking some of those plums that were ripening for Spreckels and Heney, but which now seem in danger of rotting before they get near them.

Irreparable Injustice.

That the old San Francisco grand jury responded only too willingly to the crack of the Heney whip and the wave of the Spreckels "Big Stick" has been confessed,

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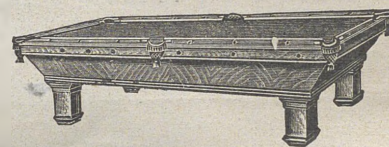
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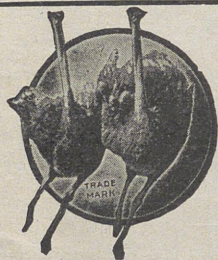
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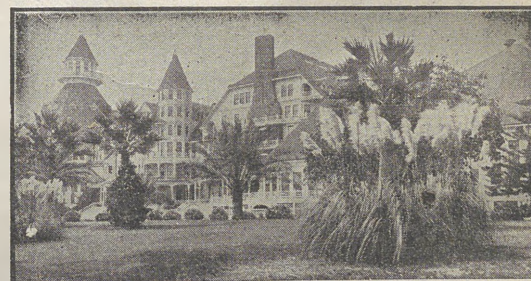
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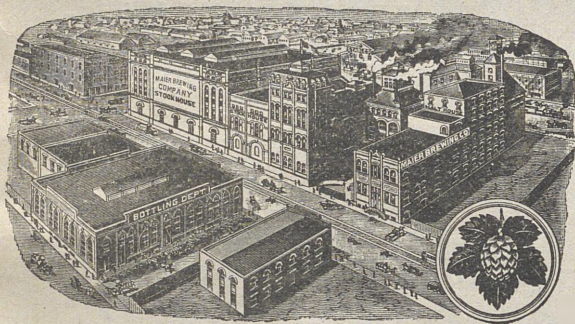
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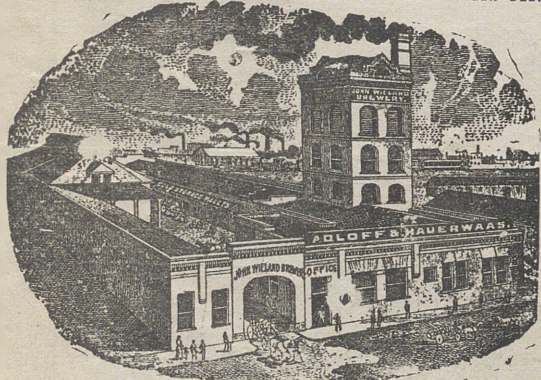
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Family Trade a Specialty
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ADLOFF & HAUERWAAS, Sole Agents

inferentially, at least, by the grand jury itself and also even by the district attorney's office. Despite Mr. Heney's denial it has been established positively that the grand jury before it dissolved, passed a resolution requesting the district attorney to quash the indictments against Umsen, Green and Brobeck of the Parkside Realty Company on the ground that there was insufficient evidence against them. Such a resolution was a tacit admission that the grand jury had done these men a gross and irreparable injustice. But a still more amazing confession was that of Deputy District Attorney O' Gara, who was Heney's right hand man in both of the Ford trials, that there was "absolutely no evidence" against Thornwell Mullally. President Patrick Calhoun's assistant in the United Railroads. O' Gara also absolved William M. Abbott, General Ford's assistant. Fourteen indictments were returned against both Mullally and Abbott last May. For over six months they have endured the humiliation, strain and anguish of indictments, which the District Attorney's office itself now confesses were unwarranted. O' Gara's language in addressing the Ford jury was unmistakable particularly in the case of Mullally "There is absolutely no evidence" said O' Gara "tending to point to him at all; so that if the case is submitted to you here as against Thornwell Mullally you would say, and the prosecuting attorney would be obliged to say to you, there is no evidence against this man."

Tom Johnson.

Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland sends me a clipping from the "Plain Dealer" of his own city, a clipping which gives an interview with him on his chances as a presidential possibility. Mayor Johnson's attention was directed to my paragraph to the effect that Los Angeles Democrats were discussing him in connection with the President. The "Plain Dealer's" interview places Mayor Johnson squarely in the Bryan column and writing to Bryan, Mayor Johnson says: "The fact that my name has been publicly mentioned in this connection since our victory in Cleveland, I should hardly think it worth while to refer to, were it not that my silence might allow embarrassing misconceptions to get headway. Under the circumstances I wish to advise you, as I am now and shall continue advising all my friends, that I shall not allow myself to be diverted from our work in Cleveland, which I regard as a public trust and of the highest importance both locally and generally. This would be an insuperable objection to any presidential aspirations on my part; but in addition, I regard your candidacy next year as of vital importance to the cause of genuine democracy. That the masses of the people will confirm this opinion is my hearty desire and confident belief."

Legislature.

I have before advised, several times in ten years in fact, that the electors of Los Angeles and of others of the important counties in the state, let the Southern Pacific have all other offices, if necessary, but save the members of the legislature. And in past campaigns the Los Angeles "Express," instead of using its head, that paper usually goes off chasing false gods, standing for men it should and probably does know, should be elected to remain at home. That

was done in the last campaign, where the "Express" assisted in sending to Sacramento legislative aspirants it knew wore the railroad collar. Such candidates were hugged into life by the E. Tobias Earl political warmth, because they had favored the gubernatorial chances of George C. Pardee.

Talking Machines.

Perhaps no one is better known in the talking machine business today than Messrs. Dean and Pease—known to the public as "These Two Boys." They, as you may know, were with Bartlett's for several years, but concluded to launch into business for themselves, accordingly they have equipped the entire third floor at 535 South Broadway and installed therein a most complete line of everything to be had in that line. Their leader is the VICTOR Talking Machine, but other makes can be had as well. Private music and club rooms are at the disposal of their customers, and "These Two Boys" inaugurate an entirely new plan for owners of talking machines as well as new purchasers. They will operate a free circulating record library whereby a great saving can be made in the purchase of records. They also propose to hold a public concert each week at their music rooms, and one talking machine free is to be given away weekly. Get their plan—if you are not an owner of a talking machine. Get their plan, even tho' you are an owner. Their free circulating record library is sure to interest you.



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Deborah's Diary

I met our "Beau Brummel" last week when I was down town shopping. He was looking more immaculate than ever. Uncle Josephus didn't know whom I meant when I told him so—just fancy! Anyone in society knows who is the leader and arbiter of fashion in the Los Angeles smart set today—who else could smile so as to be distinctly heard over such a collar, who has such a smart English dogcart, and such a man—pronounced "my mon"—to drive it? Who sets the fashion and leads the gay doings at both town and country clubs? Who has most of the very classee of the young married women "just crazy about him?" Who dines with pink candle shades, with a single lone man friend in a corner of the fashionable grills, and knowingly discusses and scorns the menu and the wines. "Beau" was worried because his "mon" had kept him the 59th part of a second waiting at the curb for his "cart." He was lunching with his "people" at "their place," and was afraid he would be late for "tiffin, doncherknow." And then came the smile like a drink. He's a gay and naughty wag is our local Ward McAllister.

The engagement of Miss Ethel Mullins, sister of Mrs. Harry Ainsworth, of Redondo, and Mr. L. M. Nares, capitalist and real estate man, which was announced some time ago, is reported broken. Friends and acquaintances of the parties are at a loss to imagine the cause, but gossip has it that there is a younger, dark-haired man in the case.

The big society event of the week will be the reception and tea given by Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., at her beautiful home, 1360 West Adams Street, on Saturday afternoon, December 20. The affair is announced as in honor of Miss Leila Holterhoff, the talented and charming daughter of the house, on her debut into Los Angeles society. Miss Holterhoff's recent years have been spent in Europe, and given over to the study of music, both vocal and instrumental. The excellent result of her training was heard and admiringly commented upon at the recent society vaudeville in the Mason Opera House.

One of the coming weddings of interest to society, scheduled to take place on Easter Sunday, is that of Miss Amy Leonardt and Mr. Frank H. Powell. Miss Leonardt is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Leonardt of Chester Place, while Mr. Powell is a prominent and popular young business man of the city.

Another of our prettiest young girls joined the ranks of matrons during the past week. This was Miss Lela Pollard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pollard, of La Canada, who married Mr. Stephen Davies, of Los Angeles. The wedding was a quiet affair, attended only by the intimate friends of the families, and was held at the Hotel Catalina.

Miss Gertrude Wagner, the pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wagner, of Bonnie Brae Street, will be married in January to Mr. F. S. Calkins.

The four charming young maidens upon whom Miss May Sutton's choice has fallen to perform the duties of ladies-in-waiting to Her Majesty during the Rose Carnival at Pasadena, on New Years Day, are Miss Florence Sutton, Miss Alice Strong, of Los Angeles, and the Misses Elfa and Miriam Palmer, of Highland Park. If Miss Strong is unable to officiate Mrs. Bert Orlando Bruce—another Sutton sister—will act in her stead.

Mrs. Ella H. Enderlein and Judge William E. Shepherd were married December 7, at the home of Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham, of 225 West Adams Street.

One of the jolliest theater parties of the past week was that given by Mr. C. F. Skilling and Mr. Otto Neher, at the Belasco. Those who enjoyed the affair, with supper at the Alexandria grill afterwards, were: Mrs. O. H. Churchill, Mrs. John H. Norton, Miss Juana Creighton, Miss Gertrude Churchill, Miss Alice Smith, Miss Dorothy Parry Jones, Count Alexis Wachmeister and others.

A wedding of unusual local interest, which took place in Kentucky during the past week, was that of Mrs. Edith Terry, niece of Mrs. Wiley Wells, of Santa Monica, to handsome young Kenneth Preuss. Mrs. Terry is proving—happily, this time—that there is no truth in the old adage, "A burnt child dreads the fire." Mr. Preuss comes of an old and excellent Southern family, and has a charming mother who has heretofore been sweetheart and best girl to the newly-made bridegroom.

With angelic expression and blue eyes rolled heavenward, a little four-year-old maid knelt at her mother's knee to say her prayers. "God bless my Daddy and Mammy and Jesus and everybody in this d—d

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No presents are more acceptable, specially when filled with our delicious confectionery, chocolates or bon bons.

If you have a minute to spare when down town do not fail to visit our stores. Our salesladies are always pleased to make suggestions.

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world, Amen!" was the startling finish to the lisped, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!"

Mrs. Henry Wilson Hart has returned to New York from Paris and this winter will be at the Hotel Somerset, on West Forty-seventh street. When Mrs. Hart left Los Angeles, last March, she intended to remain permanently in Paris, but she has changed her plans and New York will hereafter be her home. While Mrs. Hart's intention to reside in the East is regretted by many in Los Angeles, there is a likelihood of her making occasional visits to the Southwest.

No local body is equipped with an abler and finer set of officers than the Fine Arts League. At the election held this week, these officers were chosen: President, Thomas E. Gibbon; first vice-president, John J. Byrne; second vice-president, Mrs. W. H. Housh; third vice-president, Mrs. C. A. Burcham; fourth vice-president, Mrs. S. A. W. Carver; recording secretary, Mrs. Berthold Baruch; corresponding secretary, Mrs. W. J. Chambers; treasurer, Mrs. H. L. Story; auditor, Mrs. G. W. Jordan; general directors, Henry W. O'Melveny, William Van Dyke and Mrs. J. E. Cowles. The chairman of committees are: Ways and means and site, John J. Byrne; membership Mrs. Horace B. Wing; art, Mrs. W. H. Housh; press, Miss M. M. Fette. The advisory board consists of Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, Rabbi S. Hecht, W. M. R. French, E. C. Moore, J. O. Koepfli, J. H. Braly, Dr. West Hughes, Frank R. Siddall, Hector Aliot, Raymond C. Gould, Mrs. S. C. Hubbell, Mrs. Ida Hancock, Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, Mrs. M. J. F. Stearns, Mrs. E. K. Foster, Mrs. A. M. Stephens and Mrs. J. F. Sartori.

Numerous naval officers and their wives, established at the Hotel del Coronado on account of Admiral Swinburne's fleet, give the big hostelry an air of activity unusual for December. In anticipation of the coming of the fleet, the wives of Uncle Sam's sailor boys have, for the last ten days, been arriving at Coronado from all parts of the country. Several came from New York and others from Washington. Among the officers' wives who are present at Coronado are: Mrs. Admiral Swinburne, Mrs. Admiral Sebree, Mrs. C. A. Gove, Mrs. H. N. Asher, Mrs. Phillip Williams, Mrs. R. L. Russell, Mrs. Manley F. Gates, Mrs. M. E. Reed, Mrs. Edward B. Larimer and Mrs. E. S. Bogert. Mrs. Sebree is awaiting the arrival of her husband, who is bringing the "Tennessee" and the "Washington" around the "Horn" as "path finders" for "Bob" Evans' fleet. He is expected to make San Diego about January 1.

Rear Admiral William M. Folger, with Mrs. Folger, have taken quarters for the winter at the Hotel del Coronado. They came directly from their home in Cornish, N. H.

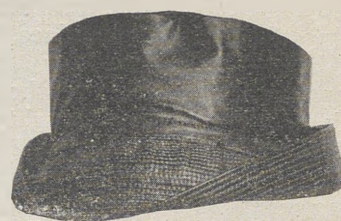
Los Angeles people who were registered at the Hotel del Coronado this week are: Mrs. W. F. Wyatt, Miss E. B. Crossley, A. MaGan, B. MaGan, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Merrill, J. Tod Cook, G. R. Meleer, J. H. P. Mason, Timothy Mee, J. W. Monahan, George J. Major, H. G. Hebron and A. G.

Albright; Walter Raymond, of Pasadena, and H. C. Brown and C. H. Burnett of Redondo.

Some of the best and most artistic of the workings in the different crafts are to be seen in Robert W. Hyde's illuminating and decorating on parchment, as well as the very clever bookbinding for this work. Nothing reminds one so much of the wonderful work executed by the monks of former ages as this; which was executed irrespective of time or trouble, very often years being taken to make one book, even with faithful daily attention. The splendid work of Mr. Hyde which is exhibited by Raymond Gould will amply repay a visit. Every one is a gem in the illuminating and bookbinders craft.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

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Buy Him One For Christmas

These nobby auto hats are made by us right here in Los Angeles. They are beautifully stitched, lined and fashioned, and come in either black or tan leather. A most acceptable present.

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Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

Amongst the many queer specialties for Christmas this week, one of the oddest I have come across was at a second-hand book store, marked "Bibles, especially reduced for Christmas gifts."

A reduction is the thing that tells always, I find, and the staid and reliable Boston Store is not the only store that is endeavoring to catch the holiday trade. The toy department there—that most frequented of all the resorts in the entire store at present—is offering its delightful assortment of wild beasts and rare animals, stuffed or otherwise, at twenty-five per cent off the regular price. This makes a vast difference in the total expenditure on the purchases for a large family, and is an opportunity to be seized upon at once, as the reduction price will only last for a limited number of days. A description of the wonders of this department is absolutely hopeless as well as futile; anyone once visiting the fairyland of toys will realize that it is the place par excellence this Christmas for the young hopeful.

Myer Siegel of 253-255 South Broadway, the home of the women and children's wear, is making a delightful specialty of engaging little things for the coming festival. I saw some charming little ideas and novelties in a form known as "chafing dish aprons"—dainty little be-ribboned conceits, supposed to assist the amateur cook, when she is stirring the appetizing welsh rarebit. The ribbons and bows and laces give a foolish male thing an immediate desire to set up house-keeping, with the wearer thereof. Soft silken matinee jackets of the furbelow lacy order make most acceptable souvenirs also, and Siegel has some charming patterns in this line. Hand embroidered handkerchiefs and endless dainty knick-knacks for baby can be found at Siegel's, and always in the very best of taste and at moderate and sensible prices.

This cold snap calls aloud for something comforting round the neck and shoulders, does it not, Harriet. The place to find a charming and becoming addition to one's winter toilet is on the second floor at Blackstones' handsome establishment. The furs there are just about the best and largest assortment on the Coast. Beautiful sables and mink in sets of muff and collar or stole—wonderfully arranged with heads and tails of the little beasties. A fur collar makes a tender feeling glow in one's heart toward the donor, don't you think, and one of Blackstone's pieces, even the less expensive but effective fox and bear make a most attractive and enviable present for the gay 25th. The fur pony jacket, I heretofore told you of, at Blackstones, made of the skins of the wee Russian ponies are no end stylish and stunning this season. For the automobile girl they are simply out of sight with their warm double-breasted fronts and jaunty standing collars.

The place where the smart shoppers will have their rendezvous will be, after the 15th of January, at 749-753 South Broadway. The Misses Terrill, the importers and costumiers of South Hill Street, and Miss Swobdi, the leading milliner of the city, have decided to work together in harmony in their different lines, and are going to have the swellest establishment for female finery and extravagance in the whole city. It will be a great idea having both these smart-set milliners in the same place, as, of course, a new gown cannot be properly appreciated without a new hat, and vice versa. The grand opening day will not be until the return of these energetic ladies from the East, but the place itself will be no end smart and well appointed and do credit to our enterprising citizens.

I must not close this without telling you in answer to your question where and what are gloves this season that they are at the Ville de Paris, for the most part in eight-

button lengths, either in the Reynier, Perrin or Fownes make. The tailor-made girl wears a short two-clasp tan "Dent," also very good at the Ville, but for the half sleeve there is still no relief from the long mousquetaire. A charming scheme is evolved from the mighty brain of the Ville de Paris management. This takes the form of a glove order, which can be enclosed with "his" card, and will produce gloves—or for that, any other small merchandise—at the Ville de Paris up to the tune of the price paid by the sender. So much jollier than receiving a pair of selected gloves that match nothing on earth one wears and sizes too big or too little, and it's a neat little way for a bashful young man to tender his appreciation of his lady's favors. He just goes and buys an order for one, two or three pairs, and mails it with his card to his sweetheart—or even his mother-in-law!

Well, I'll look for you soon on your usual search for Christmas cheer.

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On the Stage and Off

"And the mountain labored, and brought forth—a mouse."

Alas and alack for the comedy, "The Absence of Blackwood." The final scene where the prodigal calf returns proved to be a tame affair. In other words, the Belasco manager did kid the official guessers, Johnson, Stevens & Co., and they announced that the net results of his pilgrimage had been as follows:

Catherine Emmett to be leading woman; George Barnum to return as character actor, in January; Blanche Bates to appear in May or June at the Belasco; new plays secured.

The list of plays is imposing, but the writer, while not a gambling man, cannot allow the opportunity to pass of offering to wager five or ten or twenty that not half of the following list, announced by the kidded guessers, will be seen within the year:

"The Great Divide," "The Three of Us," "The Man on the Box," "The Road to Yesterday," "The Boys of Company B," "Strongheart," "The Girl of the Golden

West," "Little Dorritt," "The Wolf," "The Undertow," "Commencement Days," "The Energetic Mr. West," "The Education of Elizabeth," "The Education of Mr. Pipp."

To the uninitiated it would seem that the approach of Christmas would be a dreary time for the actors and actresses. To those on the road it is more or less so, but to the stock companies, where the players are associated together month after month, and really become a sort of big, happy family, the Christmas week is looked forward to with the pleasantest anticipation. There will be doings at the three stock houses—Belasco, Burbank and another on Christmas week, which will make many a home gathering tame and spiritless affair in comparison. Those companies where this esprit is not found, invariably are unsuccessful; for as they lack in personal attachments among themselves, they are found wanting in good team work which alone makes a stock production bearable.

Florence Stone and Maude Gilbert raided Chinatown Tuesday, in search of Christmas presents for their friends. The sight of so much loveliness all at once almost started a riot, and, it is reported, without a corroboration, however, that the erstwhile wily Celestials forgot to collect for the purchases, hoping thereby that another visit might be encouraged.

Helen Tappe, a clever young woman who is well known as an active member of the Monday Morning Musical Club, was so fortunate as to attract the attention of Morris Meyerfeld at a private recital at the Hotel Maryland, when the Orpheum president was in Los Angeles a few weeks ago, and she will be given an opportunity of showing what she can do with vaudeville audiences at the Orpheum next week. She has a dainty little singing act, in which she plays her own accompaniments. Miss Tappe is the soloist of the Los Angeles Fellowship.

That strange and fearsome story of how

Mary Van Buren was sought by a noted French manager to take a star part in the latest Parisian comedy, before he had even seen her on the stage, sounds a little—well—er—.

Ollie Morosco's new play, "The Society Pilot," will be completed and ready for presentation in about eight weeks. Down in the vast silences of Playa del Rey, soothed by the soothing surges, the author-manager-owner is polishing up this social drama.

Finally an outlet has been found for the products of the energies of the busy writers of one-act plays. Every manager and dramatic critic in the city knows how many of these are turned out every week, and Mr. Morosco has volunteered to be the scape-goat. It is more than probable that Clarence Drown, manager of the Orpheum, and incidentally, manager of the western circuit, will be one of the interested spectators at the monthly matinees, and if anything there looks good to him there will be plums for the fortunate ones. This recalls the joke that John Blackwood played on Otheman Stevens six months or more ago. Whenever a play was brought to him for inspection he referred the ambitious author to Stevens, saying that the critic was fond of dramatic literature of every kind, and Otheman was busy dodging for several weeks.

A stock production of Shakespearean plays is usually a thing to be approached with

fear and trembling, something to be attended more because "one has to see that sort of thing, you know," than for any other reason. So when one goes to see "Julius Caesar" feeling like a Christian martyr, and comes away with leaping pulses and the consciousness of having witnessed a performance extraordinary in its completeness and the individual excellence of each performer, one oft times must curb the lavish praises that lack grace in cold type. "Julius Caesar" is decidedly a man's play, and the Belasco company is well fitted to produce such a play.

Cassius, "the lean and hungry" is of such subtle strength in the hands of Lewis Stone that it throws into shadow the other characters. Mr. Stone's strong spare face is eminently suited to the part; his deportment is that of the gloomy scholar and dreamer of great dreams. He fully realizes the somber strength of his lines and makes his audience conscious of their tense rhythm. In spite of the fact that Hobart Bosworth is handicapped by an unfortunate cold—perhaps, the effect of shaving off that Van Dyke—which detracts from the effect of his stronger speeches, he makes a Brutus of whom might well be said, "This was a man." Especially in the tenderness of his scenes with Portia and with the slave lad is Mr. Bosworth at his best.

The Marc Anthony of Harry Glazier affects one like a breath of cold, crisp air. It is exhilarating in its broad manliness, and almost kingly in its effect. And let it be

said that Roman attire is not in the least unpleasing on Mr. Glazier's stalwart figure.

There are many excellent characterizations; the Casca, musically delivered by Joseph DeGrasse; the old-school Julius Caesar of William Yerance, and the Calphurnia of Adele Farrington.

It seems odd that so great a scholar as Edwin Booth—whose version of Julius Caesar the Belasco is using—should not have eliminated Cassius' lines in the second act, "The clock hath stricken three." Surely Roman palaces were not adorned with clocks in the time of Caesar.

Nance O'Neil misses greatness by the hairbreadth—or the immeasurable gulf, just as you please to consider it—which separates genius from ability. Clever she undoubtedly is. She has given infinite patience and splendid talent to her personation of "The Jewess." She is endowed by nature with a fine physique, with grace and with a brain that thinks. She has been schooled to a nicety in the technique of the stage. But—she lacks the final touch that confers greatness on the holder. I can illustrate what I mean by referring to Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. Booth was the genius; Barrett the man of talent who had cultivated every gift which nature gave him to the ultimate. All the study, all the care, all the ambition in the world would never have made Lawrence Barrett a great actor in the sense that Booth was a great actor. Barrett's limitations were those of talent, but there

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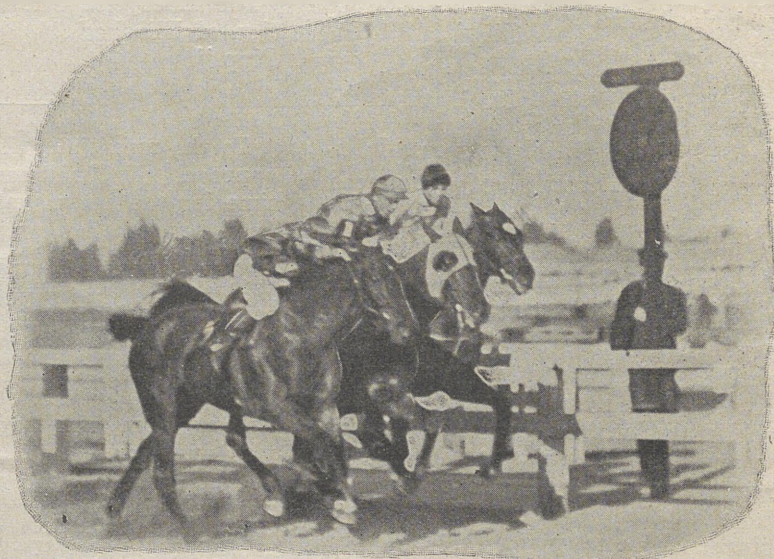
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were no limitations on Booth. So is it with Nance O'Neil. The summit of her achievements will always be bounded by talent. The capstone of genius she does not possess. She just misses greatness—or as I said, is separated from it by an immeasurable gulf. Miss O'Neil, however, is very justly the central attraction at the Orpheum this week. Mary Dupont & Company have a new sketch designed to exhibit Mary Dupont at her best. Tom Nawn has a new sketch in which to display his ability to portray a tipsy man. The remainder of the bill is excellent.

Another syndicate lemon for the Mason Opera House this week. Clyde Fitch originally wrote "The Girl Who Has Everything" for Eleanor Robson, but when the play fell flat, it was inflicted upon Isabel Irving, and sent out on the road. It would be deadly dull with excellent support, and with bad support—well, it were kinder to say nothing. The best actor in the company

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is small Master Fernandez, in the part of Tommie Weems; a boy who acts like a boy. Miss Irving is a trifle mature for the part of Sylvia Lang, but she would gain a deal in charm were she to eliminate an injured expression and tone of voice that grates on one's nerves. Harry Illiard is pleasing, both in personality and acting, as Phillip Waring. For the other members of the company there is little to be said.

The dramatized version of "In The Bishop's Carriage" is by no means as interesting as the book. Channing Pollock has not been able to overcome the usual great fault of such efforts—the play is episodic. Mr. Pollock has also struck a false note in changing the plot so that Nance Olden, the thief, falls in love with a smug, egotistical lawyer, rather than with the bluff, hearty Fritz Obermuller, especially such a good sort of Fritz as is portrayed by H. J. Ginn. William Desmond makes a struggle with the part of William Latimer, but no amount of effort could make the character human or even likeable.

It is as Nan, the Nipper, that Blanche Hall is triumphant. She is the piquant, slangy, tough girl, with the sudden, unexpected touches of softness that make her adorably human. For the first two acts she runs away with the play, and it is not her fault that the last two acts fall flat. Harry Mestayer's Tom Dorgan is a disappointment. His masterly Sid Prince in "Sherlock Holmes" had led us to expect a better delineation than he offers this week. It would be interesting to see what Henry Stockbridge could do with such a part. The scenery is up to the usual Burbank excellent standard, but it does seem odd to see a lawyer's library without books, and to find a New York apartment, which costs only twenty-five dollars a month, to be as elegant and luxurious as the third act shows. That the play appeals to the audiences goes without saying.

Grusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Mason—The syndicate has grown unusually generous in sending us Henry Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard" for next week. A play of college life is bound to be interesting, and with Henry Woodruff as its stellar feature it should score a success.

Belasco—The old favorite, "Secret Service," will be revived next week, with Lewis Stone as the young Northerner.

Burbank—Martha Morton's pretty comedy, old but always welcome, "The Bachelor's Romance," holds the boards for a week. Doubtless Byron Beaseley will be the Bachelor and Blanche Hall will repeat her success as Sylvia.

Orpheum—Edna Aug, the favorite comedienne, has just returned from Europe, and her first American engagement is with the Orpheum circuit. Edna made a ten-strike in Gay Paris and came near to staying there, but here she is back in the land where the money tree grows, and at the Orpheum for the week commencing next Monday evening, December 16. Bert Leslie will delight the Orpheumites with his choice collection of expressive Americanisms. His stunt is called "Hogan's visit." There is only one Henri French, though his genius is so versatile and

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he appears in so many and varied forms that there is ample excuse for those who maintain that he is a whole family. His juggling and his characterizations of famous composers almost justify this erroneous impression. Miss Helen Tappe, a young society bud whose singing has won for her the title, in this city, of "The little California song bird," will make her stage debut at the Orpheum. Her reception here is certain to develop into something very like an ovation, and when she goes out on the circuit the best wishes of thousands of friends will follow her. Oterita is the sister of the famous Otero, who set Paris, London and New

York afire with her dashing terpsichorean stunts a few years since. She is accompanied by an assistant who is inferior only to herself in her peculiar accomplishments. Nance O'Neil remains another week, playing her famous sleep-walking scene from Macbeth. The Golden Graces and Mayme Remington, with her pickaninnies, complete the program.

Grand—Those happy boys, Murray & Mack and their company, playing Charles Murray's latest musical comedy, "The Sunny Side of Broadway," are announced for the Grand, commencing next Sunday matinee. The program is a merry melange of fun,

dancing and music. There is a chorus of twenty-four, and a big bunch of comedians of only a degree less luminosity than the joyous twins, Murray & Mack.

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Musical Spirit of Los Angeles

By ALBERT METZGER, Editor of the "Musical Review"

In many respects Los Angeles surpasses San Francisco in musical appreciation and a genuine musical spirit. In the first place there exists a number of excellent choral societies. There is the Ellis Club, the Woman's Lyric Club, the Apollo Club, the Treble Clef Club and the Orpheus Club. Each of these five organizations is composed of efficient vocalists who possess great enthusiasm and who practice the art of singing for sheer love of it. Each one of these five clubs pays for artists engaged at the various concerts and as a rule resident artists are given the preference. The public is very generous in its attitude toward these clubs, the concerts being, as a rule, crowded. The leaders of these clubs are efficient musicians, capable of interpreting the works of the masters to the satisfaction of the most exacting music-lovers, and the programs presented to the public are in every respect tasteful and instructive. All these clubs are supported by subscriptions.

Besides these five choral societies, which are on a very friendly footing, Los Angeles possesses a very unique organization in the Gamut Club. This ideal association of musicians contains every teacher and artist of reputation in the metropolis of the South. The club meets once a month when, after a fine repast, a program is given by the artist members. There is no petty jealousy; there exists no malice. There is only a healthy fraternal sentiment prevalent, and every teacher and artist expresses the kindest sentiments towards his colleagues and applauds heartily the artistic efforts at the disposal of the club. In fact, the Gamut Club of Los Angeles represents a big musical family, the members of which are on the most intimate footing. Surely such an organization would be of immense benefit to San Francisco. It would destroy many animosities among resident artists and would encourage and facilitate (like it does in Los Angeles) personal associations and a friendly attitude among members of the profession.

Besides its five choral societies and Gamut Club, Los Angeles supports a symphony orchestra. Harley Hamilton, the director of this orchestra, has just returned from a trip to Europe, brought with him a list of the latest compositions of the highest artistic merit and has started the new season with unqualified success. The knockers are quickly suppressed in Los Angeles, and consequently everyone puts his shoulder to the wheel and helps along the good cause. For this reason the symphony concerts in Los Angeles are all well attended, the news-

papers heartily encourage these affairs, and while there is not a great surplus, expenses are paid and usually a sinking fund is left over at the end of the season. In this manner Los Angeles has a self-supporting symphony orchestra which, in a way, may be regarded as a permanent institution. Mr. Hamilton is held in the highest esteem by the public as well as musicians, and consequently the music profession occupies a dignified position in Southern California.

We have shown how Los Angeles supports, morally and financially, five big choral societies, an ideal social musical club and a permanent symphony orchestra. Consequently there exists a spirit friendly to musical enterprises and antagonistic to fault-finding and hyper-criticism. For this reason members of the profession wear a cheerful countenance, everybody is happy, and the disagreeable grouchingness prevalent among the professional element of certain communities is absent in Southern California.

In the Musical World

There is a certain joyous feeling among the music lovers of Los Angeles over the announcement that Madame Emma Calve will sing at the Shrine Temple on next Tuesday evening, December 17. Madame Emma Calve is one of the most celebrated singers before the public and as this is her farewell concert tour in America, there should be no question regarding the success of the engagement. The principal cause of joyousness, however, among the music students of Los Angeles, is owing to the fact that the beautiful Shrine Temple, is of sufficient capacity to allow all those who wish to attend to do so at a reasonable cost.

Madame Calve has surrounded herself with an excellent company of assisting artists. So closely associated is Calve with "Carmen," that one cannot think of either with involuntarily thinking of the other. Not only has she sung the role and lived it better than any other great singer, but she has also sung it oftener than any other living singer, because the great music-loving public never tires of hearing her in it.

It is to be regretted that there is to be but one opportunity to hear Calve in this city.

Unfortunately the "Graphic" is in press at the time of the annual production of "The Messiah" by the Apollo Club. The club's work will be reviewed next week.



CALVE AS CARMEN

Two of the talented Foy sisters scored veritable triumphs at the concert of the Women's Orchestra, Monday evening. Miss Cora Foy's rendition of Bergliot's poem in connection with Haydn's Fourth Symphony, "The Clock," was a graphic piece of work. Again Miss Edna Foy, the concert master of the orchestra, excelled in the slow solo movement of the "Orpheus" overture. As to the work of the orchestra, improvement is the watchword, and the members see to it that the watchword is observed. The concert was in every way a success, musically and financially.

Miss Bessie Bartlett and Mr. Archibald Sessions will present an afternoon of reading and music in the giving of Shakespeare's "Midsummer's Night Dream" with the Mendelssohn music at Redlands, early in the

month of January, and later on in San Diego.

Miss Helen Goff, an excellent sorpano of Los Angeles, who has been touring the East with the Transcontinental Trio, was taken ill in Toledo, Ohio, during a recital in that city, and has been in a serious condition with typhoid fever for the past two weeks.

Miss Louise Nixon Hill, who left Los Angeles for a tour of the East with the Philharmonic Quintette last June, has returned to Los Angeles to again take her position in musical circles. During the summer she appeared with some of the leading musical organizations in the East and the Middle West, concertized in Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan; sang before many of the clubs, and appeared in high-grade musicales, particularly in Chicago, during her absence. She will take her position with the Philharmonic Quintette, and will be heard in concert throughout Southern California.

Adela Verne, a young pianist, who has been appearing in the Northwest and also in five recitals in San Francisco, has become the musical sensation of the Northern cities, and pronounced by critics to be by far the greatest woman pianist, ever appearing before the American public, and in the same rank with Rosenthal, Hofmann, Bauer and Hambourg. She expects to reach Los Angeles near the holidays, and to give a series of recitals in this city.

Complaints regarding the too great expenditures of money resulting from attending concerts is unfounded. This season the students will hear the following artists, Emma Calve, Herbert Witherspoon, Louise Homer, Bauer, Fritz Kreisler, Ignace Paderewski, Madame Carreno, Josef Hofmann, Jan Kubelik, Lillian Blauvelt, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Walter Damrosch. Here are a dozen musical attractions every one of which may be heard at the minimum price of one dollar and the maximum price in most every case of two dollars, with an exceptional maximum price on a few of three dollars and no higher. No other city in the world can show such a record this season. And nowhere else, outside of New York and Chicago, can so many artists be heard the same season at any price. Any student spends,

during the year, from \$250 to \$500 and some times more, for lessons, and surely over \$100 for music. But, nevertheless, we are told an additional \$12 to \$20 is TOO much. A student can learn more at one concert than at six lessons. And any teacher who is honest will admit this fact. All that is necessary to make the concert season in Los Angeles a success is a little more earnestness on the part of teachers, students and parents. It remains to be seen whether there are sufficient number of music lovers in Southern California willing to assist in carrying out these conditions.

The most striking figure with the Kilties Band is the leader, Mr. Cook, a man of highest ability. Another noteworthy figure who is with the band this year is Mr. Angus McMillan Fraser, champion bagpiper and dancer of America. He won the Cochran Cup, given to the best all-round Highland dancer in America, last August in Montreal, where there were eight participants from all parts of the world.

This popular organization which Mr. Behymer will have at Simpson Auditorium Friday evening and Saturday matinee—this last particularly for the benefit of the children, that they may become familiar with the Scotch costume and songs—is sure to be welcomed again when once heard. The Friday program numbers follow:

March, "Hoot Mon," (Cook.)
Overture to Hungarian Lotspiel, (Keler Bela)—
Bagpipe Selection, Frasers Highlanders.
Euphonium Solo, (Selected), Mr. M. F. Cady—
Sword Dance, Mr. Angus Fraser.
Reminiscences of Rossini, (Godfrey.)

INTERMISSION.

Gems of Scottish Song, (Godfrey)—Scotch Reel, Frasers Highlanders.
March of the Holy Grail from Parsifal, (Wagner)—
Sailor's Hornpipe, Mr. Angus Fraser.
Part Song, The Kilties Choir.
Grand American Fantasia, (Tobani.)

The Saturday matinee program follows:

March, "The Kilties," (Morris.)
Overture, "Zanetta," (Auber)—Bagpipe Selection, Frasers Highlanders.
(a) Valse lento, "Amoureuse," (Berger)—(b) Polka, "Pizzicato," (Strauss.)—Sword Dance, Mr. Angus Fraser.
Selection from Gioconda from Ponchielli's Opera, (Tobani.)

INTERMISSION.

Robert Bruce, (Bonnisseau)—Scotch Reel, Frasers Highlanders.
Scenes from "The Red Mill, (Herbert)—Sailor's Hornpipe, Mr. Angus Fraser.
Part Song, The Kilties Choir.
March, Second Regiment Conn. N. G., (Reeves.)

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TAKE ELEVATOR

Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

C. P. Austin said farewell to Los Angeles last week, starting for Denver, his old home, to see his family before going abroad. It is his intention to go to Chicago where he will probably be joined by Mr. Puthuff; then going to New York where they will stay for a few months previous to their departure for Europe. Arriving there they will go to Paris and study for twelve months, then to Italy where another stay of twelve months may be made. Then a sketching tour is planned through the principal countries before any thought of returning to America. Both are very talented, and one can expect great things from them in the coming years.

In the line of fine enamelled work, which for artistic merit takes the lead, is a recent importation of great interest from La Lique, of Paris. This is displayed by Brock & Feagans in their superb store on Broadway, and is shown in a line of ladies' gold watches. It would be useless to try and explain the exquisite work executed on the back of these celebrated watches; they must be seen if one is to understand and appreciate their merit and worth. One watch has a beautiful carved cameo mounted upon a woven lace of enamel in royal blue and the whole surmounted by an exquisite filigree pattern in gold also modelled. Another has a tiny miniature portrait in the center of the back, painted on ivory, which is also on a rich enamelled background and the whole fitted up with a gold lacy surmountery of very rich design. But perhaps the most wonderful of all, and the greatest curiosity, is a tiny watch in the shape of a perfect sphere, being in two parts, but not apparent to the eye. The face of the watch is three-eighths of an inch in diameter. It is wound by revolving the hemisphere opposite to the face, and set by revolving the face hemisphere. To give a more comprehensive idea by description, the whole of the ball could enter a thimble. It is a marvel in mechanism and shows what wonders man can make, for this little ball will keep time with the finest chronometer ever made. Its price is \$475. There are other gems in the watch line, the cases being made of mother-of-pearl some of which are richly carved.

The Kanst Galleries are specially fortunate in being able to show some splendid work by two well-known men, Conway Griffith and Svend Svenson. The latter has for many years worked in the delineation of winter expressed through her beautiful

mantling of snow. But this is not all; Mr. Svendsen illumines the snow with a sunlight as no other man has ever dared to attempt. His warm, rich, glowing lights over the cold snow and opposed to their blue and purple shadows are marvels of color. It can be imagined how this artist's wonderful work has been appreciated and admired when one of his recent paintings brought the handsome sum of \$15,000, lately in the East. So the Kanst Art Galleries can be congratulated on securing this painter's work for Los Angeles. These galleries will have a special exhibition of Granville Redmond's work next January. This artist is working very hard and the public will no doubt have many surprises in store. Mr. Redmond, through the Kanst Art Gallery, has sent by request two important canvases to the Del Monte Galleries. This appears to be a veritable Mecca for many artists, as some fine sales have been made there.

It is surprising what strides have been made the last two years in art metal work and the combination of art glass with repoussé metal or etched metal. The W. G. Hutchison Company, 597 South Spring Street, shows very interesting developments in those combinations for lighting fixtures and portable lamps, that are quaint and artistic. An art shade, consisting of a Dutch landscape with windmills all complete, would be a pretty finish to any Dutch room.

Colonial Architecture and Decorations (Continued from Nov. 30th.)

Leaving Ince and Mayhew, whose work resembled so much that of Chippendale, we come next to two men whose classical feeling and ideas were much affected by Louis XIV. and Louis XV. feeling and expression in their details. These were W. and J. Halpenny, father and son. They also had the craze for Chinese and intermingled the classical Louis XIV. and XV. very much together. Still, in all their work they used much better judgment in the use and choice of Chinese ornament than either Ince and Mayhew or Chippendale; adhering more strictly to classical plans for layouts than any of the above. The work of both these men is very much sought after today in England, and enormous prices are paid for authentic pieces which have become exceedingly rare. It is strange that in the craft of decorators in America, both these men are unknown. William Halpenny, the father, was a carpenter and architect; both

he and his son published many works on architecture and decoration during the first half of the Eighteenth Century. Perhaps the zenith of their Chinese absurdities was expressed in a work they published in 1750-1752, entitled "New Designs for Chinese Temples, Triumphal Arches, etc." In describing one of their designs called a "Chinese Alcove Seat, fronting four ways," they mention that "above the crown of the cove may be a room wherein musicians may be secreted and play soft music to the agreeable surprise of strangers, the performers going by a subterranean passage, and a broad step-ladder, between the back of the seats, lighted by small windows in the roof concealed from without." The building would be agreeably situated on a grand amphitheater of green slopes. Summer houses, sometimes classical in design and at others fanciful, would be seen in the grounds of Eighteenth Century mansions. It may be interesting to the reader to know the general idea of decorating a room at this period. A living-room of the ordinary type had a wainscoting the height of a chair; the upper part of the wall being papered, this coming into fashion about 1700. The room would have a plastered cornice and the chimney-piece around the opening would be slabbed with marble, or at times Portland stone was used. The frame of chimney-piece and over-mantel would be made of wood more or less carved, according to the amount of money spent. The dining-room was usually wainscotted from floor to cornice, and the chimney treated as before. The saloon generally had a wainscot, chair high, and the remaining wall was stuccoed in panels with enriched ornaments and cornice; the chimney-piece of marble richly carved with flowers and festoons. The hall was still paved, as in earlier times, with Portland stone and black marble planned in diamond, square or quarry form. The floor of the saloon was generally in oak dowelled together. The library was usually entirely finished in wood, including the ceiling. Some of the very finest rooms were battened on upper walls, above wainscoting, to receive hangings such as tapestry or silks. Wall-papers at that time were always put on in this way. The word battened is an English expression used today, but in America it is known as stripping a wall. Mahogany was used about this time for handrails and sometimes for balusters, but it was Chippendale's school that brought mahogany into such extensive use.

(To be Continued.)

Kanst Art Gallery

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Exhibition and Sale of Works of
Celebrated Artists

Oil, Water Colors, Pastels, Etc., Etc.

Owing to my past experience in producing artistic and correct effects in framing I wish to announce that we have a larger and better line of mouldings than ever. We make and design special patterns in old gold and all new finishes.

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Special designs and estimates on request.

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Z. L. Parmelee Bldg.

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Our specialty landscape and figure work.

We are in the market for the highest standard, having the best, largest and richest collection of glass to choose from.

Special designs and estimates on request.

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Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

We all take a whole lot of pleasure and amusement in joshing Billy Ruess. We make up our minds that he is a pet nuisance and that he pinches us much too hard. After we have had a little rough house with him in the entrance to the White Garage we retire round the corner with Captain Ryus and decide that Bill should be suppressed. But all the time we feel honored to be the recipients of these strenuous pleasantries. Bill takes care to be familiar only with his friends, and I, for one, am proud to feel that I am in that class. Underneath that strata of kittenishness lies a solid bed-rock of nerve and good sense. It takes some digging to find it, but when you have taken the trouble to use the spade for a short time, you reach what is worth digging for, pure gold. Bill will take keen delight in pinching you with his patent grip until you are black and blue, and, if you are foolish enough to take offense, he will go after you harder than ever. But, if you happen to be in a hard way and Bill has no money, he will bid you wait while he hastens to put his overcoat up the spout, and, if that be not enough, he will follow his outer covering with any jewelry of value he happens to possess. All this as an introduction to an appreciation of Bill's truly wonderful piece of work in bringing the Pope-Hartford from Santa Barbara to the city limits. Before I start in I beg all of you kind people, who do me the honor to read my meanderings, to dis-abuse your mind of my idea that I am prejudiced. It is my business to be where the live ones are. If you read more about one man or one place than another in my column, you may wager your saccharine vitality that there something doing around that locality all the time. The unspeakable Ogre employs me to find out what is going on and to comment on it. If I don't do this my name will be Mrs. Johnny Sands tomorrow.

Did you ever go on a record run? When the Western Motor Car people sent their representative on the wild chase after the

San Diego record a "Times" man went along. I happen to know that man, and he is one of those who keep themselves in comparative condition by leading a healthy life. Yet, when he reached San Diego, he confesses that he was all in. That was merely a short run in a car that was tuned up for the four-hour spurt. Enough to shake the jinks out of a cow-boy. Imagine then what it meant to bring that Pope-Hartford from Santa Barbara with the engine hanging on to the front axle, and nothing but a strap to hold it in place. The actual physical labor of holding onto the steering wheel under those conditions, is something that we cannot understand. Put yourself in the position of the man who jumps overboard to rescue a man who cannot swim; he holds onto the bob-stay with one hand while he grasps the drowning man with the other arm, for perhaps five minutes, until they lower a bowline over his shoulders. That is the kind of strain that Bill had to endure for nearly four hours. With every nerve strained he acted the part of a good Dutch cerebellum between the two crazy cerebrae of the front and back parts of that buzz wagon. The hood was eternally trying to shake itself free of the front axle, and the front wheels cried aloud in their crazy desire to reach the side of the road. Every time the front wheels spurted for the right side of the road the back wheels followed the hood to the left. Is my metaphor not a good one? A cerebellum between two crazy cerebrae. You know that an average drive of eighty miles at a fair speed puts a strain on your fore-arm. What must it have been on the tendons of the stocky little Zuyder Zee man when he had not only to steer, but also hold the engine on the front axle and make a record from Santa Barbara. There is nothing to it but hats off to Bill. He has made a record of grit and nerve. That is nothing very much; we have suspected him of that, but he also showed wonderful calculation and foresight. If he combines these Twenty-FIVE Graphic Dec 10 Harry qualities, as he has shown us he does, it seems that he should have a chance to do something besides sit on the fence with Toledo on one side and Hartford on the other. His worst enemies will admit that Bill has nerve and I know that he adds to this by a wonderful concentration whereby he looks out for the least incidentals all the time, no matter what the speed or the crisis.

"IT BEFELL THAT THE BEVEL FELL ON THE GROUND."

(Serious Comedy in Two Acts.)

Scene.—The Broadway front of the Hotel Lankershim. A varlet is repairing the works of the awning. He is mounted on a ladder and occasionally drops screws and strange oaths.

Varlet—

I fix this awning every day,
No matter how I swear,
And yet I would not care
If this blamed wheel would fit in place,
It never will, I fear;
Oh, darn an awning with a crank!

And darn a bevel gear.

(Seats himself on top of ladder and rolls a cigarette, drops bevel gear wheel to the ground and smokes philosophically.) Enter Clarence Jargstorff. Sees gear wheel on the ground and picks it up.

Clarence Jargstorff—

Ha, ha! there's something makes me feel, I'll find a use for this small wheel.

Enter Fred Perry in his Pope-Hartford Roadster, which he has purchased the day before.

Fred Perry—

Within my veins the fiery blood
Of speeders seems to run,
I feel I need
Terrific speed,
I do, indeed;
It is my only fun.

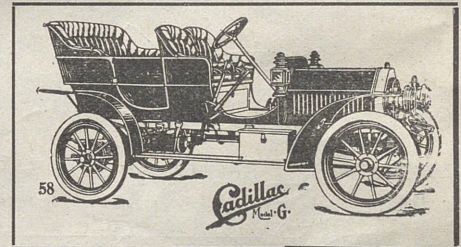
C. Jargstorff—(Approaching Fred with gentle reserve as who would say "Look out young man for droppings from the car.")—

Be careful, Fred, see what I found
This little wheel upon the ground,
It is a bevel from the gear

That makes your roadster run, I fear.

Perry—(Taking wheel in his hand and inspecting it closely.)—

Well, I thought I heard some metal drop,
It's a very good thing I came to a stop.
But tell me how long it will take to replace
This wheel and close up the transmission case?



Model G

"CADILLAC"

4-Cyl., 20 H. P.

the best American Car.

PRICE - - \$2150

THE ROYAL

1908 Demonstrator will be here
Nov. 5th. \$4150 complete.

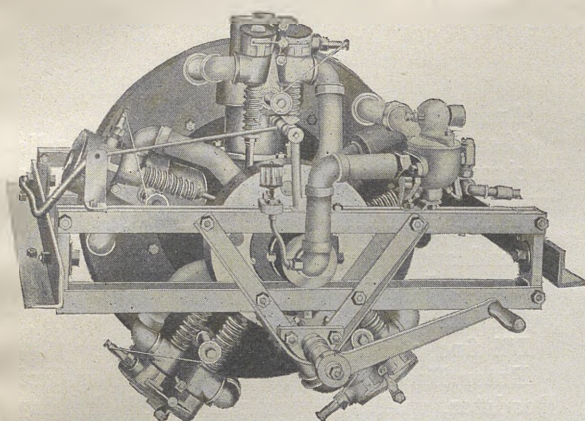
Lee Motor Car Co.

Morgan and Wright Tires
1218-20 South Main Street
Both Phones

Tourist
AUTOMOBILES -
Made in
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Streets

"Better buy a Tourist than wish you had."



Rotary Gasoline Engine showing the cylinders that rotate with the fly wheel and the stationary carburetor.

FRANKLIN MOTOR CARS

All Models Ready for Demonstration

R. C. HAMLIN

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South 909

Jargstorff—

Though most important, yet this wheel
Is not a sine qua non.
So take it home and then you'll find
It's simple enough to put on.

Fred Perry takes the bevel wheel from Jargstorff and goes home. When he reaches home he is hailed and told that he is late for lunch and will go hungry unless he hurries. He bows to his interior and forgets all about the wheel.

Act II—Same as Act I.

Enter Fred Perry, walking. He stops center and hails a motoring friend, who comes up and shakes hands. Enter also Jargstorff, Bill Ruess and other trouble makers.

Perry—

Have you heard about my brother-in-law?
You know, the one named Pern.
He's chasing around in a Locomobile,
And he's after records to burn.
Last week he came up from Venice
In nineteen minutes, he states.

The others—

Well, where did he finish this record run?
Perry—

Ha, ha, at the slaughter house gates!
(Aside to Jargstorff.)

Say, Clarence, I've hunted high and low,
But cannot find where that wheel can go.
I've tried the transmission and steering
gear,

But don't know enough to replace it, I
fear.

Jargstorff turns his head and smiles broadly. Enter Varlet who rushes forward and

seizes Perry by the arm.

Varlet—

What ho you caitiff, what ho you thief!

You stole my bevel, that's my belief.

Perry (Overwhelmed with astonishment)—

Accuse me of stealing?

Good sir, refrain.

Oh, now I see it!

I'm STUNG AGAIN.

(Runs after Jargstorff with vengeance in his eye.)

Curtain.

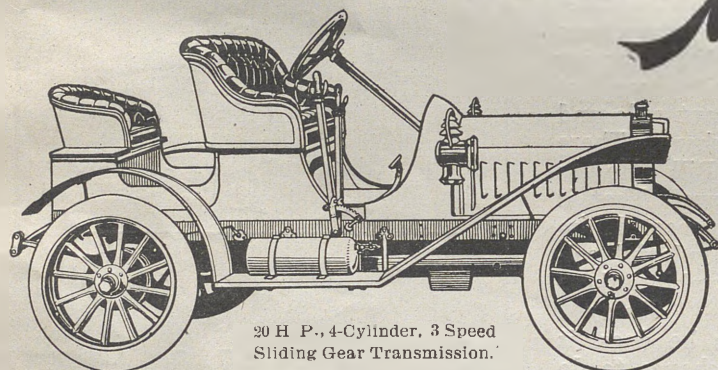
There is good cause for much excitement around the Lee Garage. The 1908 Cadillacs are here and so is the 1908 Royal demonstrator. Also, Doc. Green has given up his seat at the wheel and is driving a sprinkling cart round town. He states most positively that he will hold the latter job down for a full year. The price of Bartlett water has already risen.

Well, the 1908 Pope-Toledo is here and it certainly is a sight for the eyes. The body is built on straight lines and is finished in a shiny black. The engine is a revelation of shiny copper, aluminum, brass and convenience. So far as I can see, the engine is what is claimed for it, the perfection of American workmanship. The cylinder heads are dome-shaped, the latest acceptance of the most efficient shape, and the inlet and exhaust valves are worked by one rod. They are on opposite sides of the dome, and the down stroke of the rod works the inlet while the up stroke causes a hinged lever to depress the exhaust on the other side of the cylinder head. One good and novel feature of the engine is the double sparking arrangement. There are two plugs to each cylinder, one on each side. There is one timer for the battery system, and a high-tension magneto is placed on the head at the inlet side. On the end of the magneto is another timer, which is synchronized with the battery timer and is regulated by the same movement which works the latter. The car itself is fitted with many little conveniences which show the wonderful attention paid to minor detail in designing the car. Under the front seat there are two leather suit cases which slip into place from the tonneau. They are made to fit exactly into the space prepared for them, and must effect a wonderful saving of space when traveling by obviating the necessity of having to put unwieldy baggage in the tonneau.

The Great Smith 1908s are here, and they look as good as their name. The two that I saw were both finished in a clever shade of French gray, with gold striping. This combination has a very pleasing effect. One of the main features of this car has always been the lubricating device. In the 1908 models it is situated between the two center cylinders, and is worked by one of the exhaust rods. There is an extension to the rod which protrudes above the cylinder top. At the upper end is a pinion which works a ratchet attached to the oiling shaft. Each movement of the rod turns the oiling shaft over the distance of one cog of the ratchet and allows just so much oil to percolate into the tubes. Mr. Renton tells me that this oiler is very economical and makes a very appreciable difference in the cost of running a car.

Have you seen the

1908 Mitchell



30 H. P., 4-Cylinder, 3 Speed
Sliding Gear Transmission.

ROADSTER \$1450

Completely Equipped

Painted French Gray with red
upholstering and red running
gear.

The smoothest, prettiest and
snappiest roadster under \$2000

Can Deliver Promptly

Call for Demonstration

We Guarantee—This Roadster will carry three passengers over Grand Ave. or Second St. hills on second gear and a speed of 45 miles per hour on the level.

GREER-ROBBINS CO.

Cor. 15th and Main Sts.
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DEMONSTRATOR HAS ARRIVED

CARS FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

Success Automobile Co.

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The Great Smith Car

**THE MOST SUCCESSFUL
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Sounds Like a Heavy Blast—Maybe

**We're Prepared to Prove It
Drop Around and Be Convinced**

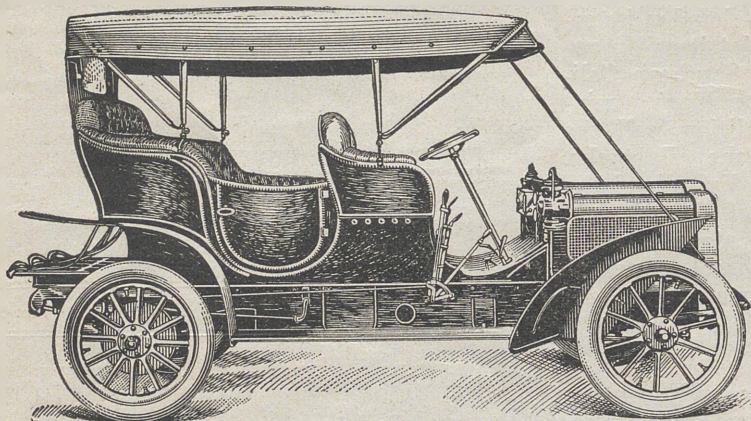
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MOTOR CAR CO.**

1150-52 South Main Street



**EVERYTHING
FOR THE
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CO.
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MODEL L, F. O. B. FACTORY \$2500.

POPE-TOLEDO Best Gasoline Car of Year

Model L, 5 Passenger

WHITE

The most value for
the money in the world
Let the White Garage
tell you why.

Model K, 7 Passenger

The Solid Comfort Car.

WHITE GARAGE

**712 So. Broadway
Los Angeles, Cal.**

I find that the local papers have been misspelling the name of the plucky owner of the Pope-Hartford that tried for the San Francisco-Los Angeles record. It is not It is not Habernick but Habenicht, which latter has a very significant translation. At the suggestion of some bright-ideal friend, I have burst into jingle on the subject; thus:

"Have You Got the Record?"

A chauffeur bold, with a good Dutch name,
Broke into the record-breaking game.
He started South at the dead of night,
Behind the glare of a big search-light.

The little Pope-Hartford on the wing,
Flew o'er the roads till she broke a spring.
But, undismayed by this sad mishap,
They fixed her up with a block and strap.

Los Angeles was reached at last,
They thought their troubles all were
passed.
But the strap gave way with the goal in
sight,
No chance to beat the record that night.

We rushed to the scene and we found
them there,
The owner mournfully pulling his hair.
"Have you got the record, my friend,"
asked I,
"Ich habenicht," was the sad reply.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

**AUTOMOBILISTS OF THE SOUTHWEST
SECTION:**

The Golden State Garage

2122 West Pico

is handy for you. Don't take a Lame Car down town. Telephone to us; we will
fetch it for you. West 482, A 4203. Put down the number.

7-SEATER, 6-CYLINDER NATIONAL FOR RENT

Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, OF THE CORNISH-SEARL SYNDICATE

What has the future in store for us, and how will the year 1908 treat most of us? There is not a business man from the captain of industry to the humblest merchant, the country over, but who has begun to turn that problem over in his mind. And while the most of us will continue to be optimists, that there is a feeling of uneasiness abroad in the land in regard to material conditions there can be no doubt.

Personally, I am convinced that as far as Los Angeles is concerned, the building statistics will continue to tell the story down this way. And while activity in this particular may slacken for the time, Los Angeles will grow and grow, until there is but one city between the mountains out Pasadena way and the ocean down by Long Beach, Redondo, San Pedro and the Santa Monica Bay sections.

In so far as Wall street is a barometer, conditions appear to be improving. The entire list of standard railroad and other stocks have advanced from ten to twenty points within two weeks, and the bull campaign is hardly begun. Of course, New York bankers may be responsible for this evidence of renewed confidence, the object being, perhaps, to permit of a realization in securities that as long as they are held as collateral there, just so long will there be delay in the settlement of balances owing by New York to Los Angeles and other cities throughout the country. In this connection a New York banking correspondent writes me:

On Monday, December 16th, 1907

THE

Security Savings Bank

AND THE

Southern California
Savings Bank

Will Consolidate and Remove

from their present location, at

Spring and Fourth Streets

to the

Security Building

Spring and Fifth Streets

The Safe Deposit Department will temporarily remain in their present locations, owing to unavoidable delays in completing construction of the new vaults.

We recommend the purchase of Home Preferred, Home Common, Home 1st 5's U. S. Long Distance, Central Oil, Union Oil.

FIELDING J. STILSON CO.

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A noticeable and encouraging feature in this whole business is the remarkable resistance of prosperity to the shock of panic. So far we have had comparatively few bank and commercial failures, and the volume of business keeps up in wonderful fashion. No panic that we have ever had has shown such a record, and this is only another evidence of our sound conditions, and proof that the panic has not been the result of natural causes. With call money steadily working easier, time money will soon be obtainable at reasonable rates, and there will be a large profit in buying good securities, bonds or stocks, on which there is no likelihood of income being reduced. Purchase of these may even be made on borrowed money, as interest rates are to be low, and investors will certainly reap large ultimate profits.

The expected has commenced to happen, as was predicted in this column it would, several weeks ago, and the Los Angeles Stock Exchange has taken on a new lease of life, due apparently to the organization of the Nevada concern. The latter, by the way, is certain to fade out as a serious factor, unless it takes a leaf out of the experience of its presumed rival, and expands. The alleged curb for trading in industrials, established by the Nevada concern recently, is a farce. The curb has failed to work to this time, and with every mine shut down in Goldfield, the future is not bright for dealing in the Nevada mining issues alone. On the other hand, the old exchange has at last risen to the emergency, and has begun trading in Boston coppers—the standard shares represented in the well-known mines of Arizona and northern Mexico. There are scores of holders of these shares in Los Angeles, and why the Goldfield contingent in the Nevada exchange persists in holding out against this particular business is a mystery to me. It would appear to be good business to expand and not contract, and the latter for some reason appears to be the policy of the Goldfielders.

I say let the new exchange abandon its so-called curb, and in its stead let it call regularly at least once a day all Southern California, Arizona and Northern Mexico mining shares of merit. In addition, call the good local industrials, and the oil stocks. Then drop from the calling list all of the doubtful ones, and worse, of the Nevada mining shares. In that way seats on the new exchange will become worth real money at once. At the present time some of them are going begging.

The Bank of Santa Monica will soon occupy the former postoffice building, necessity having arisen for larger quarters.

Norman Marsh and Clarence Russell, of Los Angeles, have secured the contract for erecting the new building of the First National Bank of South Pasadena. The structure will cost \$12,000.

The Central National Bank, of Los Angeles, will soon enlarge its room, taking in the space now occupied by the Cooksey barber shop.

The West Side Bank, at Twenty-fourth and Hoover streets, is to be re-organized. New people are expected to take over the control of the stock.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new building of the First National Bank of Whittier, which is to cost \$20,000.

Bonds

The Council of Los Angeles (city) has abandoned the idea of issuing \$300,000 fire department bonds. Instead, a direct appropriation of \$75,000 for fire department purposes will be made.

The Board of Supervisors, of Orange County, have sold the bonds of the Garden Grove school district to W. H. Zimmerman, of Santa Ana.

The school board, of Pasadena, is moving to have an election called to decide on the issuance of \$200,000, school bonds.

A \$40,000 bond issue is proposed at Huntington Beach; fire department apparatus and a city hall are wanted.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring
Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at close of Business, Dec. 3, 1907

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$10,185,544.73
Bonds, Securities, Etc.....	2,588,674.03
Clearing House Loan Certificates....	87,000.00
Clearing House Scrip	69,264.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	4,190,900.94

TOTAL

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$ 1,250,000.00
*Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	1,499,001.65
Circulation	1,242,100.00
Bonds Borrowed.....	145,000.00
Deposits	11,685,282.05
Other Liabilities	1,300,000.00

TOTAL

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

Foster's Magazine

Volume X

DECEMBER, 1907

No. 4

YOU ARE OFFERED

Subject to prior sale,

any part of \$200,000 in

Pacific Reduction Company,

FIRST MORTGAGE, 6%, 20-YEAR

GOLD BONDS, interest payable annually

in October. 10 shares of the capital stock,

par value \$10 each, will be given with each bond.

Send for the December Number of Foster's Magazine

Compliments of

FOSTER BROTHERS

General Office
516 Bumiller Building

Fiscal Agents,

Los Angeles, Cal.

In the Literary World

In a volume of less than 400 pages entitled "Napoleon," by Dr. Max Lenz, translated by Frederick Whyte (Putnams), we have a study of the great Corsican which while extremely succinct is executed with a care and thoroughness characteristic of German historical writers, and what may surprise the reader, in an intensely sympathetic spirit. In nine chapters we are carried from Ajaccio to St. Helena, yet it cannot be said that anything of importance is omitted, while in a single chapter which bears the caption "Sole Ruler and Restorer of Peace" is condensed the substance of what occupies one of Taine's capacious volumes. Quite the most interesting portion of the volume is that relating to Napoleon's real aspirations and ambitions. With the facts of Napoleon's career prior to going to St. Helena the reading public is tolerably familiar. Of Napoleon's writings, which were produced at St. Helena, the New York "Sun's" reviewer says: "Just, too, as Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe turned his mind to handing on to future times his recollections and his reflections on his policy and on the work he had accomplished, so Napoleon at St. Helena—but, as our author concedes, with more restless energy and a wider view than the German statesman's—wrote of what he had done, gave expression to his thoughts on men and politics and made the whole history of the century the subject of his study. We are reminded that he proved a true prophet in pronouncing a continuance

of the rule of the Bourbons impossible. He foresaw a future Europe in which Liberal ideas would again force their way to triumph and at the same time be reconciled with the religious spirit. These thoughts he connected with his own policy and gave a forecast of the tendency which further developed in the "Napoleonic Ideas" of his nephew, led to the programme of the Second Empire. Even in captivity his self-confidence was unbroken. "I have," he once said, "erected my pyramids in the sea." He called upon posterity to bear witness to his deeds and as for his adversaries he said they would be biting at granite if they dared to belittle his fame."

On his escape from Elba, there is an interesting side light. In his account of Napoleon's residence in the Island of Elba our author reminds us that the exiled Emperor was not completely master of his own fate, but by well founded apprehensions may well have felt constrained to return to France. Those to whose interest it was to maintain the new state of things in France and Italy could not but stand in fear of the prisoner of Elba—a prison so near both coasts. It was Talleyrand who first had the idea of removing Napoleon from that island. He had him surrounded by spies and, it is said, endeavored to win over a captain of one of Napoleon's vessels—an attempt discovered, according to the story, and frustrated. Certain it is that Talleyrand so early as October, 1814, submitted to the Congress at Vienna the proposal that Napoleon should be carried off to some island in the Atlantic Ocean 500 leagues from Europe—he thought of the Azores. He was supported in this proposal by Pozzi di Borgo, Napoleon's rival in Corsica in former days, now a trusted adviser of the Czar. Castlereagh also was anxious to dispose thus of Napoleon and of Murat with him, as Talleyrand wrote in December, 1814, to his royal master.

Was Napoleon, asks Dr. Lenz, to await quietly the fate which his enemies were planning for him? Or was he, as he had always done, to advance to meet his fate and strive once more to fashion it in accordance with his own will?

"The Novels and Tales of Henry James" will be published in a subscription edition by the Scribners. This will be the definitive edition of the fiction of Mr. James. It is to be called the New York Edition. In typographical, and generally in material, appearance, the edition is of the highest excellence. The paper is specially manufactured, bearing the author's initials as a water-mark; the type has been selected with careful reference to both appearance and legibility; each volume is illustrated by a frontispiece and has a decorative title-page, and the edition as a whole is designed to meet the requirements of general readers on the one hand and of fine libraries on the other. The edition will be complete in twenty-three volumes. Of these fifteen will contain the longer novels, enumerated in chronological order. The remaining eight will comprise the shorter novels and the tales, combined with reference to chronological sequence so far as approximate uniformity of volume size permits. The entire set will include all of the author's fiction that he desires perpetuated in this definitive edition.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, California,

September 10, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," Jennie A. Bristol of Sherman, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. —, for the purchase of the E. ½ of S.E. ¼ S.W. ¼ of S.E. ¼ of Section No. 26, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 19 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Los Angeles, Cal., on Monday the 23rd day of December, 1907.

She names as witnesses: Albert M. Montgomery of Santa Monica, Cal., Marion Decker, Charles M. Decker, James A. Decker, all of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 23rd day of December, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Oct.19-10t—Date of first publication Oct.19-07.



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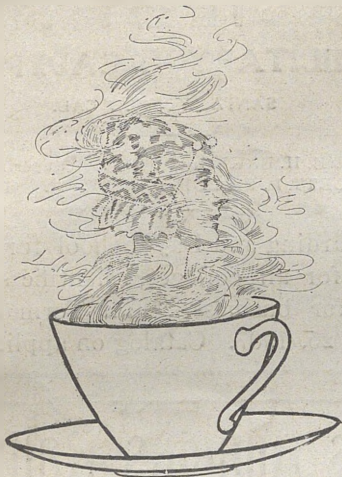
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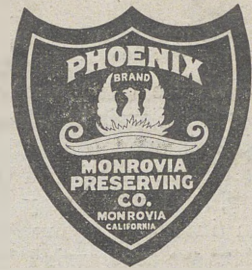
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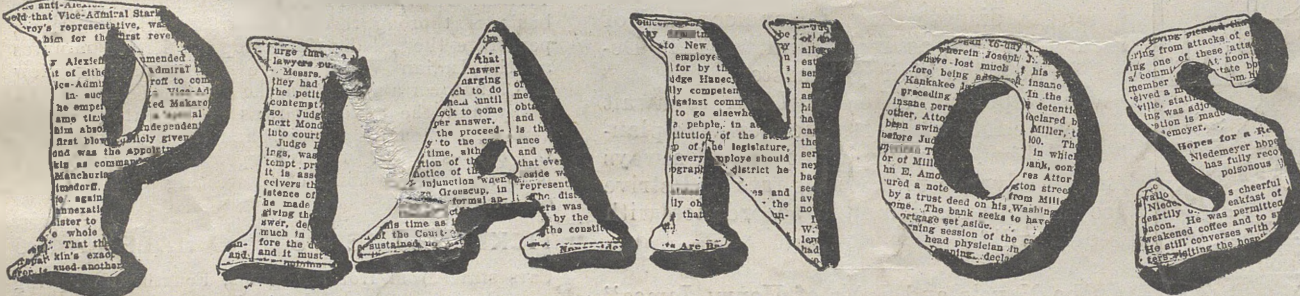
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